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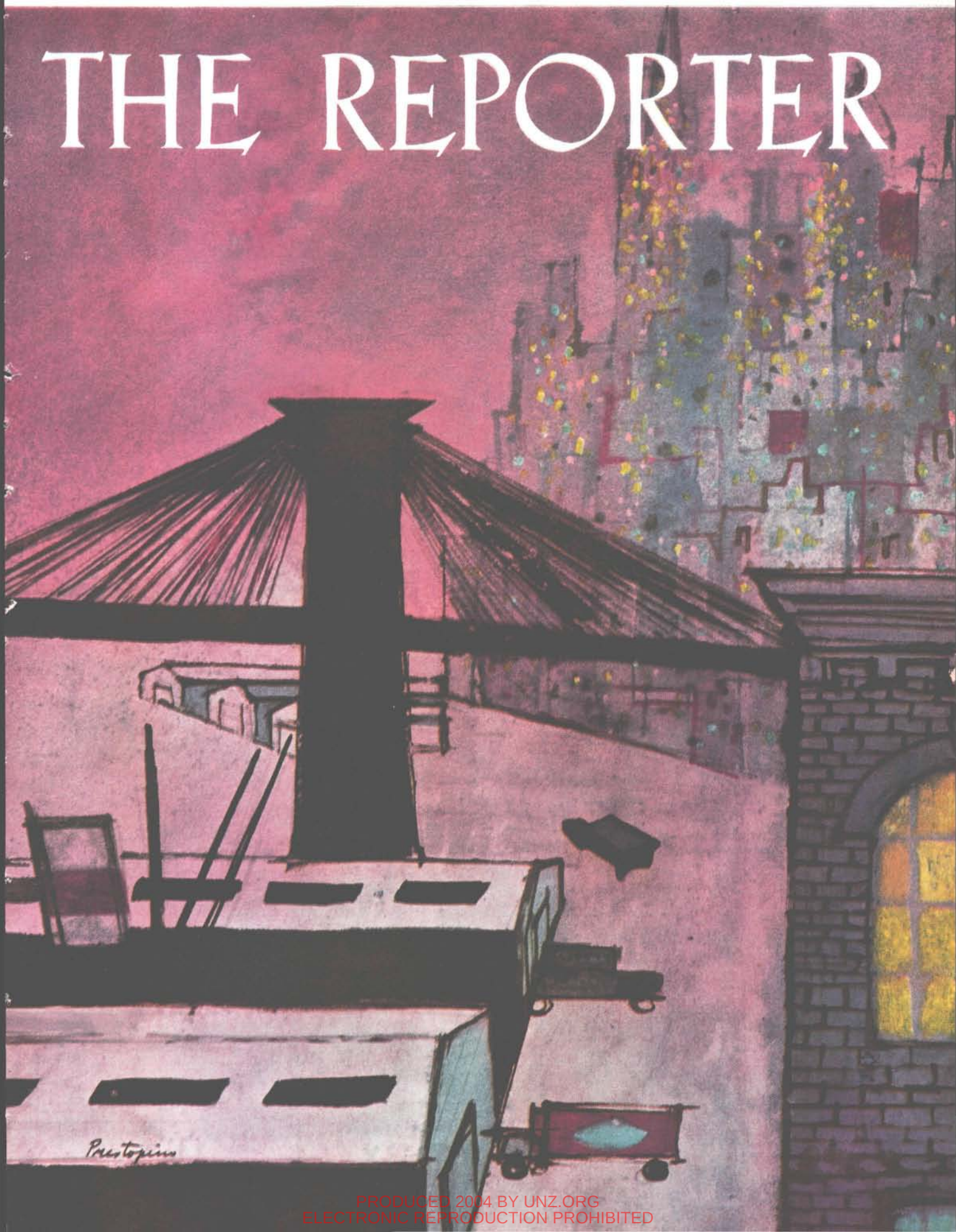
THE REPORTER



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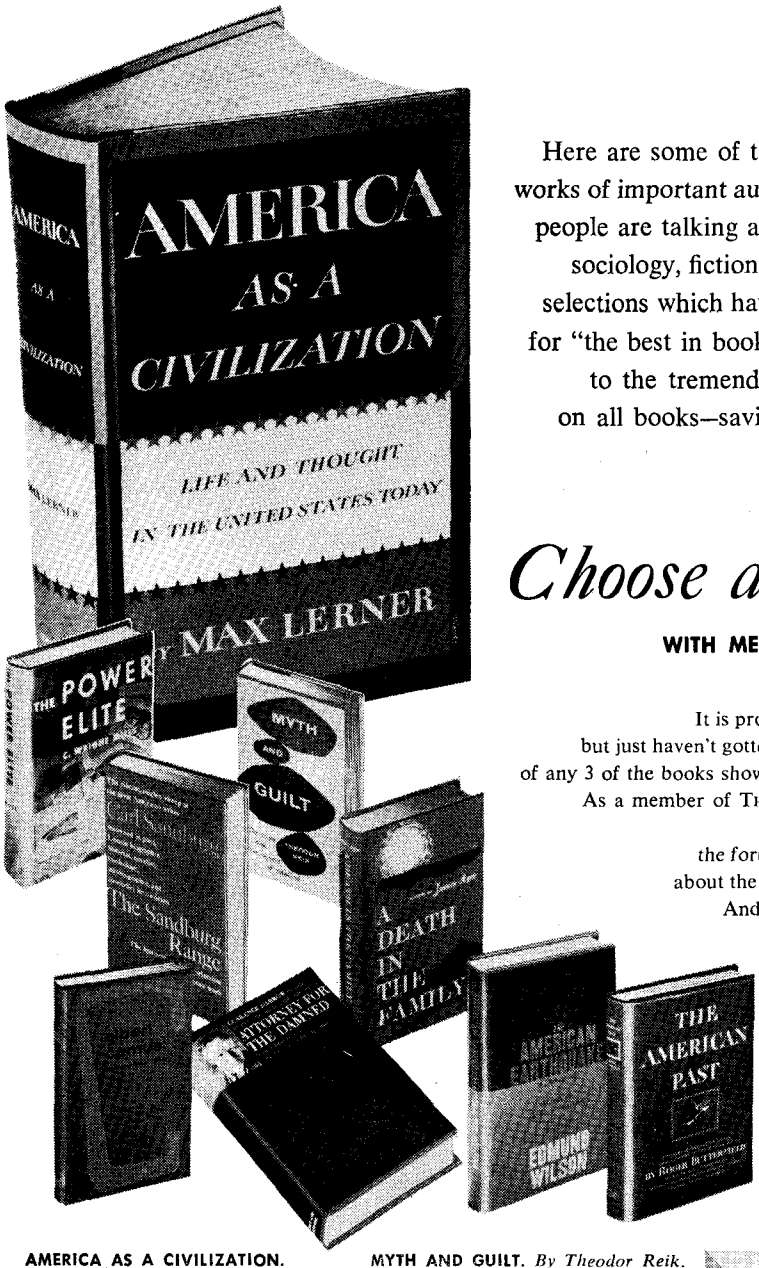

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

It's Our Move Now

We hardly thought it could happen again, but it has. It was only yesterday, it seems, that we ran an editorial entitled "Thank You, Sputnik!" Now, much as we resent it, we have to thank the men in the Kremlin again—this time for their announcement that they are suspending their tests of atomic weapons.

Our gratitude, unlike the effusions pouring into Moscow from other parts of the world, is not for Soviet motives, which will continue to be grounded on their own self-interest, whether economic, political, or strategic. Nor is it for their recently concluded series of atomic tests, which have contributed heavily to the world's perambulant cloud of radioactive fallout and, according to the AEC, to the fact that the northeastern part of the United States, where we happen to live, is now "one of the hottest places in the world." Our gratitude is rather for the fact that the Soviets have administered a further shock—not to our national complacency, which vanished along with Sputnik I and full employment—but to the caution in Washington which replaced that complacency, and which has produced much the same kind of policymaking inertia.

For whether Mr. Dulles likes it or not, this latest Soviet move makes our acceptance of a summit conference inevitable. The nettle has been presented to us with all the world looking on, and prickles and all, we must grasp it. Had we grasped it sooner, rather than haggling over preliminary details, we could be arriving at the summit with greater bargaining power. At least we could have more to say about the agenda. As it is, the principal item on the agenda has already been established by the Kremlin: it will certainly be the suspension of atomic tests and the related problems of inspection and cutoff of production. By the time we arrive at the summit, having presumably completed our own scheduled tests in the Pacific, the Soviets may well have stolen a further march by announcing a unilateral ban on production.

When the President called the Soviet test suspension "a gimmick," he was not affronting the Kremlin, as some have asserted; he was simply handing Mr. Khrushchev another means of persuading the world that Washington, listening only to men of narrow vision and special commitments, has become indifferent to the growing clamor for nuclear disarmament and considers it, in the words of Edward Teller, "a lost cause." The truth is, as the President and his advisers know very well, that it is not Soviet power but the power of public opinion—and only incidentally Mr. Khrushchev's exploitation of it—that is forcing us to the conference table.

Yet so far our leaders have not managed to turn this knowledge to America's advantage. It is unnerving to contemplate, but it would seem to be the Soviet leaders rather than our own who are moving us toward a fuller exercise of our national resources and skills. The first satellite that they flung into orbit drove us to new exertions in technology, science, and education. Their suspension of tests demands of us a more aggressive and imaginative use of diplomacy, another of our national resources that has been suffering somewhat from disuse.

CUCKOO SONG
or
ANON, UPDATED

Summit is icumen in,
Lhude sing Khrushchev!
Wanteth we or wanteth not,
Standeth we upon the spot.
Summit is icumen in,
Lhude sing Khrushchev!

—SEC

The Subliminal Sponsor

Shortly after the Senate labor rackets committee began its hearings on the bitter Kohler strike last month, millions of Americans discovered that they could watch an hour-long filmed summary of each day's hearings, presented over local television stations in New York, Cleveland, Detroit, Milwaukee, Los Angeles, and twenty-three smaller cities.

What the audience did not know, however, was that the program was financed and promoted by the National Association of Manufacturers. The stations identified the kinescopic program only as a "public-service" feature.

It all began early in March, after Senator Barry Goldwater of Arizona, a Republican member of the committee, had attacked President Walter Reuther of the United Auto Workers as "more dangerous than the Russian Sputniks."

Charles R. Sligh, Jr., executive vice-president of the N.A.M., sent Goldwater a note of appreciation, to which the senator replied, according to his administrative assistant, "Congratulations don't do much good; get out and help us in this fight."

Sligh consulted with Edward Maher, N.A.M. vice-president for public relations, and soon thereafter they discovered that Du Mont's Washington station, WTTG, planned to carry part of the Kohler hearings live. As Maher has since put it, "We felt it would be a shame to confine this program to the District of Columbia, where no one votes."

With this thought in mind, Maher was naturally dismayed to learn that Du Mont was not planning to make a kinescopic summary of each day's hearings. Du Mont had already of-

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fered kinescopes to several dozen stations at a price. None accepted. But when Maher said that the N.A.M. was prepared to foot the bill, Du Mont changed its mind.

From that point on, things moved smoothly and quickly. A film condensation of each day's hearings was shipped each day, free of charge, to N.A.M.'s list of interested stations.

As Maher explained it, "We have field offices, and they simply telephoned the stations and said that these reels were available if they wanted them; and they got all of them placed."

After the March 21 hearings, Du Mont's Washington station decided to cancel the live program, feeling that the sessions were becoming dull and realizing that the "prize catches," Herman Kohler and Walter Reuther, probably wouldn't take the witness chair for at least five days. At the same time, the N.A.M. decided to drop its end of the venture.

"We thought," Maher has said of the venture, "that the hearings would establish a pattern of violence, which is something we think should be brought to public attention." Be that as it may, officials of the AFL-CIO have said that the kinescopic summaries of the Kohler hearings were "completely fair" to the union's side of the dispute. The long and short of it seems to be, in Maher's words, that "it was no sleigh ride for either side." It seems quite clear, as both the N.A.M. and the stations claimed, that the broadcasts were indeed a "public service."

When asked why the N.A.M. did not request credit for its share in this public service, Maher indicated somewhat vaguely that as far as the N.A.M. was concerned, virtue was its own reward.

In this closing chorus of praise and modest self-effacement, only one minor point seems to have been overlooked. Federal Communications Regulation 3.654, which deals with the obligation of stations to identify those who furnish "any program involving the discussion of public controversial issues," is a pretty good public service in itself.

'Dewats'

Senator John Marshall Butler (R., Maryland) is sponsoring a disarmament measure that may have some chance of success. It would prohibit the sale or transfer of deactivated machine guns and components to minors. These "Dewats" (Deactivated War Trophy Firearms) are American or foreign surplus weapons sold to dealers after being "deactivated," in accordance with the National Firearms Act, by having their barrels welded. According to Senator Butler, however, "with a few simple tools" and "easily obtainable new barrels" they can easily be restored to firing condition. One of them turned up last fall in the arsenal of a New York teen age gang.

Senator Butler's proposal is modest. It would require birth certificates to be submitted with each order and make sales to those under twenty-one a felony. For our part, with all due respect to legitimate collectors of such curios, we would boost the age limit to 100, or preferably consign the Dewats to the water, deep.

THE DARK OF THE MOON

ERIC SEVAREID

This, thank goodness, is the first warm and balmy night of the year in these parts; the first frogs are singing. Altogether this is hardly the night for whispering sweet sentiments about the reciprocal trade act, the extension thereof. But since we are confined, by tradition, to the contemplation of public themes and issues, let us contemplate the moon. The lovely and luminous moon has become a public issue. For quite a few thousand years it was a private issue; it figured in purely bilateral negotiations between lovers, in the incantations of jungle witch doctors and Indian corn planters. Poets from attic windows issued the statements about the moon, and they made better reading than the Mimeographed handouts now being issued by assistant secretaries of defense.

The moon was always measured in terms of hope and reassurance and the heart pangs of youth on such a night as this; it is now measured in terms of mileage and foot-pounds of rocket thrust. Children sent sharp, sweet wishes to the moon; now they dream of blunt-nosed missiles.

There must come a time, in every generation, when those who are older secretly get off the train of progress, willing to walk back to where they came from, if they can find the way. We're afraid we're getting off now. Cheer, if you wish, the first general or Ph.D. who splatters something on the kindly face of the moon. We shall grieve for him, for ourself, for the young lovers and poets and dreamers to come, because the ancient moon will never be the same again. Therefore, we suspect, the heart of man will never be the same.

We find it very easy to wait for the first photographs of the other side of the moon, for we have not yet seen the other side of Lake Louise or the Blue Ridge peak that shows through the cabin window.

We find ourself quite undisturbed about the front-page talk of "controlling the earth from the moon," because we do not believe it. If neither men nor gadgets nor both combined can control the earth from the earth, we fail to see how they will do so from the moon.

It is exciting talk, indeed, the talk of man's advance toward space. But one little step in man's advance toward man—that, we think, would be truly exciting. Let those who wish try to discover the composition of a lunar crater; we would settle for discovering the true mind of a Russian commissar or the inner heart of a delinquent child.

There is, after all, another side—a dark side—to the human spirit too. Men have hardly begun to explore these regions; and it is going to be a very great pity if we advance upon the bright side of the moon with the dark side of ourselves, if the cargo in the first rockets to reach there consists of fear and chauvinism and suspicion. Surely we ought to have our credentials in order, our hands very clean and perhaps a prayer for forgiveness on our lips as we prepare to open the ancient vault of the shining moon.

(From a broadcast over CBS Radio)

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CORRESPONDENCE

THE ARMS RACE

To the Editor: You are quite right to point out in your excellent editorial in the April 3 issue of *The Reporter* ("Limits on the Arms Race") that ". . . of all the atomic blasts, we like least those made in the name of life, happiness, and earth removal." I would only like to add that the atomic blasts I like *best* of all are those that never happen.

WILLIAM WARNER
Baltimore

To the Editor: Science has become such a public affair that it is important that the public have some understanding of what it is about. It is for this reason that I question Colonel Richard S. Leghorn's use of the word "science" in his stimulating article "How the Arms Race Can Be Checked" (*The Reporter*, March 6), in which he writes of "science for the arms race" and "science for peace."

Ever since their rise to widespread fame in 1945, our scientists have been trying to explain that science is concerned with understanding nature. Application of this understanding to the various purposes of peace and war is beyond the area of science—it is in the field of engineering.

These two distinct spheres have been easily confused in recent years—in part because the immediate application of new scientific knowledge has had to be done by the scientists themselves. There has been no time to train engineers. The outstanding example, of course, was the nuclear-weapons project during the Second World War. The study of the nucleus before the war, on the other hand, was a case of pure scientific effort. Nature was being investigated without much concern for the possible use or practical value of the knowledge being developed. I am not advocating a divorce of science and engineering but rather an awareness of their differences.

HASKELL DEUTSCH
Gary, Indiana

To the Editor: Not least important among the important points made by Colonel Leghorn, it seems to me, is his final suggestion that our government should sponsor and support a group of the most competent minds available to concentrate full attention on the incredibly and increasingly complex problem of how to *check* the arms race. Let us hope that this excellent idea will be acted upon.

ROBERT C. TUCKER
Arlington, Virginia

THE LOST SOLOIST

To the Editor: I am fairly familiar with the situation Nat Hentoff describes and the deplorable conditions under which the young American artist has to struggle for recognition ("Lost Soloists Along the Concert Trail," *The Reporter*, April 3). No solution has yet been suggested, though many well-meaning people have been giving it serious thought. Perhaps your magazine could help the cause by asking for suggestions or running a symposium by prominent members of the musical profession. I congratulate you on printing this courageous exposé.

CESAR SAERCHINGER
New York

To the Editor: I think the article by Nat Hentoff both excellent and valuable. Congratulations.

ABRAM CHASINS
Music Director, WQXR
New York

THE $5 PSYCHOTHERAPIST

To the Editor: It was indeed a pleasure to read Maya Pines's cogent and perceptive review of *Social Class and Mental Illness* by Drs. Hollingshead and Redlich in your issue of March 20 ("What This Country Needs Is a Good $5 Psychotherapist"). This is an area which desperately cries out for research and new concepts to clarify the etiology of the discriminative practices outlined by the authors.

NATHANIEL N. WAGNER, PH.D.
Phoenixville, Pennsylvania

To the Editor: I am very glad to see the widespread attention to matters of mental health being reflected in the pages of *The Reporter*. Your recent book review by Maya Pines has created quite a stir among my friends. We all hope you will continue to deal with this subject from time to time.

HOWARD MASS
Los Angeles

To the Editor: Drs. Redlich and Hollingshead do not consider the possibility that social class bias may enter not only into treatment but into diagnosis as well. The same personality dynamisms will be diagnosed in a class I patient as "character neurosis" and as "schizophrenia" in a class V patient. They are correct, however, in pointing out the differences in the outward manifestations of disturbance in the different social classes.

It is encouraging to find two thinkers questioning the adequacy of the concept that whatever a physician treats is *ipso facto* disease. This concept may turn out to be one of the most mischievous in human history, but I suppose it is somewhat more adequate than its historically cognate concept of deviant behavior being due to demoniac possession.

Some other psychologist is certain to write to you to say that a "new profession of psychotherapists" already exists in the 1,907 Fellows and Associates of the Division of Clinical Psychology of the American Psychological Association, and in the 839 Fellows and Associates of the Division of Counseling Psychology. This number is certainly a drop in the bucket of need, particularly since so many of these psychologists work full time in institutions, clinics, schools, and universities. But the number is growing as each year more and more Ph.D.'s with sound academic and clinical interne experience are turned out.

A. B. POMERANTZ, PH.D.
Buffalo, New York

To the Editor: Maya Pines's review offers an excellent analysis of a problem that is not peculiar to the New Haven area. In fact, New Haven's proximity to the academic community of Yale probably attracts more therapists than a community of its size normally does. The description of the need for more psychotherapists as country-wide seems most appropriate.

My one regret was the omission of the profession of social work. It is my belief that the professionally trained social caseworker is most likely to fill the need so aptly described in this study.

ROBERT W. ROBERTS
Berkeley, California

Miss Pines replies:

I regret the omission in my review of the role to be played by trained social workers. It should be pointed out that Redlich and Hollingshead, after suggesting that a new professional specialist be trained, write:

"The profession of social work has come closest to the ideals and tasks of such a profession; some social workers, in a way, have functioned as 'lower class psychiatrists' for some time, although they, in their loyalty to psychiatry and medical psychoanalysis, like to deny such a role. Possibly, out of the professions of medicine, social work, psychology and sociology, a new discipline providing us with the needed therapists might emerge. Such a profession might help us solve the *urgent* need for good psychotherapy in classes IV and V."

SUNRISE WHERE?

To the Editor: Marya Mannes's review of *Sunrise at Campobello* ("Class Distinctions," *The Reporter*, March 6) was disappointing in only one respect. Dore Schary, the playwright, may have "arrived at truth without realism." But surely even Schary wouldn't have found it necessary to place Campobello Island in Nova Scotia, rather than in New Brunswick, where we are proud it belongs.

ALBERT A. TUNIS
University of New Brunswick
Fredericton

YANKEE TRADERS

To the Editor: Thank you for the article by Ken Miller, "New Opportunities for Yankee Traders" (*The Reporter*, March 20). I have read it with interest and think he has done an excellent job.

A. L. NICKERSON, President
Socony Mobil Oil Co.
New York

To the Editor: Mr. Miller's study of the opportunities now open to American businessmen as a result of the European Common Market made highly interesting reading and it is very gratifying to know that this institution's importance is so well understood in this country.

DR. J. H. VAN ROIJEN
Netherlands Ambassador
Washington

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

"IT IS NOW widely recognized," according to the University of Michigan's Survey Research Center, "that consumers are not a passive factor in business fluctuations, but often a dynamic and autonomous force." Some authorities even go so far as to suggest that we ordinary householders have no one but ourselves to blame for the current drop in production and employment. At a press conference last month, President Eisenhower expressed his belief "that the upturn in our economy will be the result of millions of citizens making their purchases, having greater confidence." In other words, each of us has a pump to prime, and what we have unspent ourselves into we can just as easily spend ourselves out of.

But even if this were all there is to it, which seems highly unlikely, we can scarcely be blamed for not buying what we don't want and don't need. If demand doesn't match supply, it may be because the suppliers have misjudged the demanders. It's pretty clear by now that there have been some significant changes in the American consumer's wants and needs. Some economists argue that the postwar buying splurge, based first on the need to catch up with the shortages and then on the desire for newly developed products, has simply run its course and reached a temporary saturation point. Others believe that a more serious, more cautious American consumer may now be expressing his disapproval of the apparently endless inflation of prices and gadgetry. The continuing boom in certain lines and the continuing high level of both income and savings would seem to indicate that the average American is still quite willing and able to buy if he likes the price and likes the product. However you look at it, the consumer is in the spotlight these days. In this issue we consider the role of the changing consumer in a changing market.

Contributing Editor **Robert Bendiner** describes the revolution in packaging and distribution that has made each product on the supermarket shelf into its own salesman and each housewife into her own grocery clerk. . . . **M. R. Werner,** author of *It Happened in New York* (Coward-McCann), describes the remarkable growth of a magazine whose only editorial policy is to help its readers get their money's worth at the store. . . . The automobile industry is in many ways the bellwether of the American economy. Just a few years ago car dealers kept long waiting lists of people who wanted a new car, just about *any* new car; today there are nearly one million unsold new cars. **Eric Larrabee,** associate editor of *Harper's*, offers an on-the-spot report on how Detroit sizes up the situation.

FRANCE'S funeral has been announced and then put off so frequently in recent years that we must guard against a tendency to regard our old friend as nothing but a crotchety hypochondriac whose ailments don't really have to be taken very seriously. They do. But while **Edmond Taylor,** our regular European correspondent, offers plenty of reasons for anxious concern, there are none, we believe, for despair. . . . Does anybody need to be convinced these days that the Federal government ought to support independent scientific research? Apparently the government itself needs to be, if the way the AEC has handled the exciting and ambitious plans of a number of Midwestern professors is at all typical. **D. H. Radler** is an editor at the Purdue Research Foundation. . . . The article by **George Bailey,** who writes frequently for *The Reporter*, describes the difficulties of Willy Brandt, the mayor of the divided capital of a divided country on a divided continent.

Carey Goodwyn, a flight navigator for a commercial airline, lives in San Antonio between trips. . . . **Nat Hentoff** writes frequently for *The Reporter* on music. . . . **Morris Philipson** teaches philosophy at Hunter College. . . . **Alfred Kazin's** latest book is *The Inmost Leaf* (Harcourt). . . . **Ray Alan's** reports on Middle Eastern affairs appear frequently in these pages. . . . Our cover is by **Gregorio Prestopino.**

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THE REPORTER

THE MAGAZINE OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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It's All in How You Wrap It

ROBERT BENDINER

TAKE THE WORD of the Folding Paper Box Association of America: this is not the Atomic Age or the Space Age, as theorists would have it, but "The Packaging Era," with more than a hundred billion folding paper boxes consumed annually in the United States—or two thousand for each family in the land. Besides having to cope with a glacier of cardboard, the average home is swamped by containers of tin, glass, wood, cellophane, polyethylene, and numerous other substances, ancient and newly invented.

All of them, along with an astronomical mileage of twine, ribbon, and tape, are used merely to clothe the American consumer's purchases—his food, cigarettes, cosmetics, and drugs, and beyond these, increasingly, his clothes, linens, toys, gadgets, and hardware. You can buy your chicken cacciatore or beef à la bourguignonne in a single-service film packet, ready to be dipped in boiling water like a tea bag. And you can get your whiskey in a captain's decanter, specially designed for boating enthusiasts.

The packaging industry that furnishes all this variegated wrapping reaps an annual harvest reliably estimated at between twelve and sixteen *billion* dollars, equivalent at the very least to a sixth of the current national budget. And by far the greatest part of it—let the social historians make of it what they will—is destined for quick, if not instant, consignment to the trash can, or what Veblen might have called the Conspicuous Wastebasket.

Much of this gigantic investment of basic materials, plus glue, paint, labor, and talent (not necessarily in the order of importance), is the inescapable consequence of a marketing system that depends more and more on self-service. Thanks to the supermarket and its like, the burden of selling and waiting on customers has fallen increasingly upon the package itself. In good part, too, it may be readily conceded that packaging has to some extent cut the costs of processing and storage, promoted sanitation, and saved untold sums by protecting products against spoilage, rodents, insects, leakage, and other perils that wasted a sizable share of produce in the days when rolled oats were scooped out of a sack and cookies were bought individually out of a glass jar.

The Eye, Touch, and Psyche

But, allowing progress its due and then some, the fact remains that much of the science of packaging is essentially a concerted assault on the eye, touch, and psyche of the consumer. The purpose, plainly, is to get him to choose Brand A over Brands B through Z when all of them are otherwise practically identical, or to buy a product he had no thought of buying at all when he entered the store.

How much of each of these three elements—self-service, protection, and psychological allure—goes into the packaging industry is obviously impossible to say, but it is a simple fact that the industry itself is growing considerably faster than the gross national product—faster, that is, than the increase in the volume of goods in itself would warrant. Not only has a large part of the national product been done up in packages since the war but far more is being spent per package. According to the industrial designing firm of Lippincott and Margulies, most package design in the 1940's "was a routine service provided at little or no cost by the manufacturers of containers." Today this same company alone does a million dollars' worth of business a year in package designing. The Manhattan telephone directory lists a Package Designers Council, a Packaging Institute, a Package Research Conference, a Package Research Center, Packaging Planners, and two packaging trade periodicals, besides literally dozens of individual package designers. In addition, many manufacturers have their own packaging staffs; and some eighty motivation-research firms, according to *Consumer Reports*, "are spending millions of dollars to chart and map the byways of this mental marketplace," with at least a part of their explorations devoted to the styling of packages.

All in all, that publication estimates, $22 million a year is spent just in designing the containers of consumers' goods—from aspirin to zippers. The average packaging design, I learned from a leading practitioner, is six months to a year in the making and costs the manufacturer somewhere between $25,000 and $50,000. Admittedly this is a

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small part of his total cost of production, but it is only the beginning. The change may involve new packing machinery and a considerable increase in the outlay for materials. As a result of new design, the Folding Paper Box Association reports that manufacturers are steadily pressing its member companies for "more multi-colored boxes with intricate folds." They want four-color jobs instead of two or three, and the Association not unhappily feels that "unless there is a reversal of this trend, the billions now spent annually on packages will have to be upped several billions more, because the costs of glue, varnish, ink, and machinery are going up."

Some manufacturers have been persuaded to go to extraordinary financial lengths in the field of packaging. Schenley Distillers is reported to have spent $5 million a few years ago to promote its decanters, not counting the cost of the materials. Hiram Walker spent three years and several million dollars on special machines to do its product up in holiday wrappings. And Philip Morris set a record in the trade by spending $250,000 just for bringing out a new cigarette box.

A Pig in a Plastic Poke

Skillful packaging is entitled, of course, to some credit for a marketing revolution that has in fact raised the country's standard of living. At the turn of the century the American consumer ate according to the season, and the buying and preparing of food took a good part of a woman's working day. What the family got, nostalgia to the contrary notwithstanding, often made up in impurities what it lacked in nutrition. Steady advance in the arts of canning, bottling, packing, and freezing, along with better transportation, simultaneously eased the lot of the housewife and the retail grocer. For her and her family, it provided quality foods in any season, easily bought and often at least semi-prepared. In time she could buy ready-made concoctions from pie filling to whole "TV Dinners" complete with tray, if that can be called an advance. As for the grocer, he could put in self-service, lower his operating costs, and largely abandon the arts of direct salesmanship.

This process has been moving ahead at an accelerated speed. Eleven years ago the country had ten thousand supermarkets, an institution that originated in the days of

the depression, and they retailed twenty per cent of the national food volume. By 1957, according to the best estimates, there were twenty thousand such outlets, commanding fifty-five per cent of the retail food trade. Besides food, these increasingly gaudy emporia often deal in drugs, household wares of various sorts, textile items, hardware, and even books. And beyond the supermarkets, self-service has taken a strong hold in drugstores, hardware shops, and variety stores.

One of the chief results of this trend, with its emphasis on packages that sell themselves, is that new brands and old brands in new guise keep pouring into the market in the hope of success. More than 150,000 active brand names are being nationally advertised today—or, as Mr. Walter P. Margulies of Lippincott and Margulies points out, ten times the number of words in the average person's vocabulary—and the total of brands registered is at least double that figure. Some five thousand new food items alone come off the production lines in a single year, but so fierce is the competition that *Dun's Review* figures the mortality rate for new products at eight per cent. Yet the Colgate-Palmolive Company in 1956 thought it well to spend $12 million to introduce another tooth paste and two new detergents. The country may not have been yearning for them, but the theory was that the greater the number of Colgate products on the market, the bigger the company's share of available counter space.

In this fierce competition, the same packaging skill that raised the standard of living is increasingly, perhaps unavoidably, being used to clog up the very marketing system it helped to make possible. To get a product through the gaudy jungle of the self-service store, the packagers find themselves forced to ever newer and grander forms of waste. And to make salesmen out of inanimate objects, they have put psychology to uses that could hardly have been contemplated by Dr. Freud.

Nothing New under the Package

For sheer elaborateness of procedure, the Philip Morris story is something of a classic in the trade. Aside from Johnny, the little page, it seems, not enough people would "Call for Phil-ip Morris" to keep the stockholders happy. An Elmo Roper survey came up with the finding—hard to believe as it may be—that customers were just tired of the old cedar-colored pack that had served for twenty-two years. Accordingly, a task force of market researchers, package designers, consumer motivators, psychologists, admen, and consultants was rounded up, and "Project Mayfair" solemnly got under way. *Business Week* reported that the objective was "to produce a modern colorful package with maximum brand identification and visual registration." The Color Research Institute, in Chicago, was retained to study the color psychology of cigarette peddling, and some four thousand designs were studied by the experts before they hit on the winning combination—red to get attention, white to connote purity, and gold to proclaim royal quality.

Following this momentous finding, the new package went back to the laboratories for thorough testing in "visual acuity," "peripheral vision," light and shadow, legibility, and other esoteric matters. Then came weeks of field tests, with pollsters and researchers hanging over cigarette counters, watching the customer's every move and frequently grilling him on his instant reaction. After more than two years and the expend-

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iture of a quarter million dollars on this applied science, America had, not a new product or even a changed cigarette, but just another new package.

MUCH OF THE packaging profession's current activity rests squarely on what might be called du Pont's Law, the happy discovery made by du Pont researchers that sixty-three per cent of food shoppers walk into their supermarket without a shopping list and make seven out of ten of their purchases on impulse. That this theory, based on a check of 5,338 shoppers in 250 supermarkets, comes from an interested source may or may not invalidate it, but ever since it was advanced, most packagers have plugged it hard, and psychologists and "motivators" have found in it a Comstock Lode. "Psychiatrists tell us," reported Gerald Stahl, vice-president of the Package Designers Council, "that a woman approaching a supermarket goes into a slight state of trance—her pulse slows down, the pupils of her eyes dilate." James Vicary, promoter of subliminal projection, found, by turning on a hidden movie camera, that the rate at which women blinked their eyes in supermarkets was down to a subnormal fourteen a minute, indicating the first stage of hypnosis. The packaging men—as Vance Packard so copiously demonstrated in his book *The Hidden Persuaders*—saw at once what had to be done. "You have to have a carton that attracts and hypnotizes this woman," one of them put it, "like waving a flashlight in front of her eyes."

For a while color was the big thing. Writing in the *Saturday Evening Post*, Frank Gianninoto, president of the Package Designers Council, explained that "As a loose generality, women like red, men like blue and everybody likes green." That would be too simple, of course, and maybe too permanent. Popular as green might be, Mr. Gianninoto went on, "It is a receding color, easy to pass by," and other experts found that while red might be fine for hot soup, it was all wrong for beer, since "beer drinkers associate blue and green with coolness and wetness . . ."

For some reason, packagers of detergents have gone especially wild, the array of their brands on the store shelf suggesting a Guatemalan fiesta in travelogue Technicolor. A simple white would stand out, but we are told that a white box would soil quickly in use, suggesting an untidiness prejudicial to a detergent. The sort of thing a designer has to ask himself, according to the "Handbook and Proceedings of the First Annual Package Research Conference," is this: "Does [the consumer] reach for a white and blue package of toothpaste because these colors represent cleanliness to him?" and "Does the housewife . . . prefer the toilet soap in the pink wrapping because it makes her feel more feminine?" If that isn't the very stuff of science, Monsanto Chemical carried the study much farther by foretelling the public's favorite color from year to year—pink for 1955, turquoise for 1956, lemon yellow for 1957.

From color, these explorers of the mind soon spread out in a wide arc of consumer psychology. It was found that people associate a *square* shape with drug products, so the old rounded Bromo Seltzer bottle had to have its shoulders squared. Women were reported to have a guilt feeling about using a synthetic shortening; it was suggested that they might be relieved if it were topped by a twirl, suggesting the way Grandma used to spoon out real butter. The device was recommended as "Grandma's finishing touch."

Shout and Then Fade

This last bit of scientific lore is one of the many contributions of Dr. Ernest Dichter, a motivational researcher and one of the most ingenious in the business. Designers have their work cut out for them if they are to achieve Dr. Dichter's ideal of a package, which must "literally shout attention to the product, yet after attracting the consumer it must fade into the background and permit the product to come forward." A neat trick, perhaps, but not beyond the science that Dr. Dichter projects. "Like the biologists and the physicists, we must begin thinking in terms of forces and relationships. We too are dealing with electro-magnetic forces and structural relationships of a kind. We call them 'company image,' 'product personality' . . ."

One of the ways in which the difficult Dichter formula is being attempted is the so-called "Mood Package"—a subdued job, as *Modern Packaging* describes it, which eschews

the blatant logotype and violent colors, attempting instead "to convey a feeling about the product inside" through suggestive shape, color, texture, or feel of the package itself. Johnson's Rug Cleaner, if you can imagine getting moody over it, is an example. While the suggestion of rug swatches on the can, in Chinese red, canary yellow, turquoise, lime green, pale grape, and orange, failed to move me—I am probably just callous about rug cleaners—it is possible that Mr. Margulies, whose firm developed the container, is on

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the right track. At any rate, he leaves no doubt about the mood he seeks to convey. "Instead of shouting," he says of the Johnson cans, "they entice, lure, and coax the customer into making the purchase."

Do packaging people themselves take the psychological mysteries of their calling seriously? By no means all of them. *Modern Packaging* took last year's Package Research Conference to task for "talk about mother and father complexes and other obscure 'motivations' which would impress no one but the most starry-eyed Madison Avenue novitiates." Its editor advised me bluntly that the psychological approach was being overdone and that to suppose "there is magic in one color or another is ridiculous." A. J. Wood & Company, an old-line marketing-research firm, has likewise taken the view that "Psyche is not behind *all* purchases" and went so far as to suggest that some brands might be losing ground because they were inferior rather than because they somehow reminded consumers "of the time their mother beat the old man over the head with the frying pan." Mr. Margulies himself, a rational and forthright man, defends the psychologists' contribution ("We discovered that we designers were not the lone masters we thought we were") but concedes that there is "considerable hocus-pocus in the field."

The orthodox members of the profession stress package attributes like appearance, quality connotation, legibility, protective service, and convenience, with convenience very much to the fore ever since the smashing success of Marlboro's crush-proof cigarette box with the flip-top lid. Package men speak with awe of this historic coup, which increased the sales volume of Marlboros fifty times—five thousand per cent—in eight months, an indication in itself of how little the cigarette brand itself really matters. "What lesson is there for every industry," rhetorically asked Norman F. Greenway, president of the Folding Paper Box Association, "in the fact that . . . one management had the insight to recognize the power of a packaging change, and scored a dramatic bull's-eye of such magnitude?" Naturally a dozen or so other brands immediately followed up with their own crush-proof boxes, whereupon Marlboro added a "self-starter" tape designed to make it easier for the anemic consumer to get at the first few cigarettes in the pack.

As of Someone Gently Wrapping

It is an open question whether this drumfire appeal to the public's convenience, on the lowest levels of activity—this emphasis on making it easier for one to wash, shave, get a cigarette up to his mouth, or pour out a glass of milk—is an invitation to self-indulgence or a profitable recognition of self-indulgence already entrenched. In either case, millions of dollars are going into the appeal.

What is perfectly plain is that the packaging people know they have a gold mine here and that, not surprisingly, they are working it for all they can get. Gustav L. Nordstrom, executive director of the Folding Paper Box Association, sees prospects for a half billion dollars more in business just for his paper-box industry alone. "That's our golden potential," he says—"sitting out there in those hills just waiting to be dug up." *Business Week* runs frequent articles on the subject under such telling heads as "To Make Them Buy—Try Science" and "Switching Packages to Keep Them Buying."

One of the major obstacles to the growing business was the old notion that "immediate recognition" called for keeping a package unchanged over the years. Today's designers have gotten around that taboo by keeping the old symbols but sprucing them up, thus combining "immediate recognition" with the "new look." The White Rock fairy, the Old Dutch Cleanser maid, the Quaker Oats man, and the Baker's Chocolate girl are all still doing business, but they've been redone on modern lines and shifted about a bit on their respective containers.

The idea, according to *Business Week*, is to "Change your package as often as you switch your advertising copy." With this precept in mind, Revlon Products changes its cosmetic packages every time its scientists discover a new lipstick color like "Kissing Pink," and Flako does the same whenever it evolves a new pie recipe to feature on the box. Not all packages are sold on this quick-profit policy of the frequent change. Lippincott and Margulies, considering it "thoroughly unsound," recommend changing "as rarely as possible." But by and large the trend is for constant tinkering, even if it is only to deepen or lighten the shading of a logotype. And every change is apt to involve the whole new "scientific" rigmarole of surveys with "structured" and "unstructured" questions; scaling analyses, including a "Semantic Differential"; brand-image studies, perception studies, disguised preference tests, and the use of such diagnostic equipment as special eye cameras, communiscopes, visometers, and tachistoscopes.

The High Cost of Convenience

It now costs $29 billion to get America's produce from farm to kitchen as compared with $12.5 billion in 1945. Allowing for the decline in the dollar and changes in taste, that is still a jump of close to $7 billion, or fifty-six per cent. It would take a troop of skilled economists to discover how much of this increase in distributive costs can be attributed solely to packaging, since the factors that go into the price rise of a single commodity are numerous, complex, and variable from month to month. To attempt, beyond this, to discover how much of the packaging cost is for competitive frills and how much for genuine usefulness would be to plunge into a swamp of subjective value judgments which had best be left to the individual reader. What can be said, however, is that in spite of all the efficiencies in new methods of processing and distribution, consumers have not had the benefit of comparably reduced prices, even in a relative sense.

The packagers themselves leave little doubt about who pays the bill for their services. Though shoppers

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"are budget-minded," Mr. Greenway says, "they are willing to pay a little extra for convenience and style." Pointing out that artful packagers enable a manufacturer to combine a slow-selling item with a high seller "in some sort of 'piggy-back deal,'" *Business Week* points out that "In some cases the manufacturer can actually raise the price of his product to take care of the added packaging cost, simply because he is now selling convenience." Similarly, packaging often requires the buyer to take more units of a product than he cares to, and there is reason to believe that not all "economy size" containers are in fact economical.

Mr. Margulies, scorning any qualifying phrases, conceded to me that in any case "the consumer pays for everything," regardless of what is said about the manufacturer's bearing an increased cost for the sake of bigger volume.

To be sure, the increase per unit is insignificant, too small in most instances to register on the consumer's consciousness. The additional sum he pays on the thousands of packages that come into his home in a year might conceivably bother him, but he would be hard put to it to figure it out. Just as Ivar Kreuger at one point in his career boosted his fortune by giving his customers five fewer matches per box, the packaging industry exacts a painless charge that keeps it happily and profitably in business.

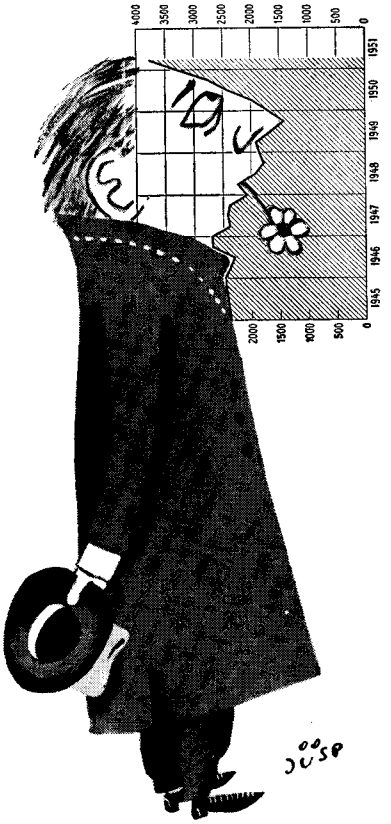
ON THE OTHER HAND, Mr. Margulies points out, the customer gets at the very least certain "emotional satisfactions" from his purchases, fancy packaging included, and, as the Marlboro episode indicates, he "asks for it." In the sense that beer is obviously no cooler for bearing a blue or green label, Mr. Margulies admits that "some of the money does go into fooling people into believing what isn't so," but if they feel that it *is* so, they are getting what they want, after all. Addressing his *Saturday Evening Post* readers, Mr. Gianninoto was even more direct. "I must confess," he wrote, "that we try to lead you around by the eye."

In short, *caveat emptor*—whether the buyer is being led around by the eye or by the nose.

A Detective Agency For Wary Buyers

M. R. WERNER

ABOUT A MILLION American families now follow, more or less regularly, the advice of two nonprofit organizations that specialize in helping consumers get their money's worth. The larger of the two, Consumers Union, has 650,000 subscribers to its monthly publication, *Consumer Reports*, at five dollars a year. Another 200,000 people



buy it almost every month on newsstands for fifty cents a copy. Its only competitor, Consumers' Research, reportedly has about 100,000 patrons who subscribe to its monthly publication, *Consumer Bulletin*, at four dollars a year, or buy it on newsstands for forty cents a copy.

Of the more than $260 billion that Americans have been spending every year recently on consumer goods, it has been estimated that those whose buying habits are conditioned to some degree by what they read in these two magazines account for about $15 billion. This is only $4 billion or so more than manufacturers themselves spend on their own special kind of advice to consumers in the form of television, radio, newspaper, and magazine advertisements. But the influence of these two magazines—neither of which, incidentally, accepts advertising—has been growing steadily, not only among consumers but also among manufacturers.

Mr. Schlink and a Schism

The origin of both these organizations may be traced back to 1927, when Stuart Chase and F. J. Schlink wrote a book called *Your Money's Worth*. It was a Book-of-the-Month Club choice that year, quickly became a best-seller, and remained one for many years. It is still one of the books most often stolen from public libraries, along with *100,000,000 Guinea Pigs* by Schlink and Arthur Kallet, which came out five years later. These two books pointed out that Americans were being offered—at exorbitant prices—a number of products that were defective in performance and in some cases dangerous to health.

Readers of *Your Money's Worth* began writing to Chase and Schlink to ask them what, in their opinion, was the best automobile, refrigerator, or radio for them to buy. Schlink tried to satisfy these demands by sending out modest Mimeographed reports on pilot consumer tests that were being conducted in White Plains, New York, with whatever help was available from government testing and standards agencies, trade associations, medical societies, and high-school teachers of chemistry and physics. In December, 1929, Schlink and Chase organized Consumers' Research and issued from a one-room office in Manhattan a monthly bulletin to 1,800 subscrib-

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ers. Five years later the circulation had reached fifty thousand.

Schlink and his early associates soon quarreled, however. Schlink not only hated the New Deal; he was also convinced that organized labor was more interested in grabbing power than in improving the general welfare, and he deplored the trend toward mass production. In his early bulletins he advised consumers to make things at home, including their own shoe polish, cosmetics, ink, and tooth paste—if they insisted on brushing their teeth with anything but the salt and water he recommended.

In the summer of 1935, some of the Consumers' Research employees formed a union. Schlink fired three men who had been active in organizing and running the union and refused to negotiate with it. On September 4, 1935, a strike broke out.

The Birth of a Rival

While the strike was going on, some of the subscribers to *Consumer Bulletin* wrote letters to Schlink saying they did not agree with his labor policy. Schlink canceled their subscriptions—whereupon they began urging that a new organization be set up to serve them.

On February 6, 1936, Consumers Union was incorporated in New York as a nonprofit organization, and the first issue of its publication, *Consumer Reports*, went out the following May to a nucleus of three thousand subscribers.

The president of the new organization was Colston E. Warne, a professor of economics at Amherst College. Professor Warne is still president, and Consumers Union has grown in its twenty-two years from fifteen employees to 180. The circulation of *Consumer Reports* rose during the years between the first number and Pearl Harbor to almost ninety thousand. It is now a monthly magazine of fifty-six or more pages, attractively printed and illustrated. Consumers Union's only other publication has been its annual *Buying Guide*, which is free to subscribers and not sold separately. The 1958 issue runs to 352 illustrated pages.

After Pearl Harbor, circulation dropped for both *Consumer Reports* and *Consumer Bulletin*. Not only was there a scarcity of products, but

many men were away in the services, and Consumers Union has always found that men pay more attention to its *Reports* than women do. During the war, Consumers Union concentrated heavily on the repair and maintenance of products its subscribers already owned.

In the postwar period, a hunger for goods of all kinds set in, and with it has come a boom in the circulation of both magazines. By far the more popular of the two has been *Consumer Reports*.

The Testers of Mount Vernon

The man in charge of all Consumers Union's activities is Dexter W. Masters, a tall, energetic man with a sharp eye for exaggeration and a faculty for skepticism without cynicism. Early this year he succeeded Arthur Kallet, who had been director since the organization was founded. Masters, after graduating from the University of Chicago, worked for *Time* and *Fortune*, was the first editor of *Tide*, the marketing journal, and had been associated with Consumers Union for a time soon after it began operations in 1936.

Although Masters is the boss in residence, there is a board of sixteen directors, who serve three-year terms without pay and are elected by the subscriber-members of the organization. Neither the directors nor the employees of Consumers Union may have any direct connection with commercial, business, manufacturing, or financial enterprises that might affect their impartiality. Bernard J. Reis, treasurer since Consumers Union was founded, is an investment counselor who also has one of the best private modern-art collections in this country. Many of the other directors are connected with educational institutions, and forty educators at universities and colleges in various parts of the country act as advisers.

The work of testing and reporting goes on in a rather unattractive four-story red-brick building at Mount Vernon, New York. Here engineers, chemists, physicists, medical men, and writers prepare evaluations on thousands of brands and models of hundreds of products bought at their order by eighty-five shoppers in sixty-three cities, who must buy them at retail stores and pay the same prices subscribers would be charged for them. Any manufacturer or merchant who tries to give Consumers Union a product to be tested gets it right back by return mail or freight.

Morris Kaplan, a dark, pleasant man, has been technical director of Consumers Union since 1947. He got his master of science degree in chemistry at George Washington University, then worked in the laboratories of the Bureau of Customs and in Navy laboratories. He told me that the choice of what to test is based in part on the thousands of letters received from the readers of *Consumer Reports* and on the answers to a long questionnaire that is sent out once a year to all subscribers. The staff also examines most of the nation's trade papers—its library receives about 1,500 of them regularly—to see what new products are being planned, and watches advertisements carefully. Another factor weighed in deciding what to test at a particular time is the need for maintaining balance and variety in the magazine.

As Warne and Kaplan freely admit, consumer testing has considerable limitations. It is usually feasible to test only branded goods, and this rules out a substantial part of consumer expenditures. Also, the branded goods must have a fairly consistent quality if ratings are to be worth much to readers.

I sat in on a luncheon conference of the high brass of Consumers Union that was devoted entirely to the question of whether it was pos-

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sible to test frankfurters. Some of the technicians doubted at first that tests for the bacteria that cause trichinosis could be done adequately, but Dr. Harold Aaron, an internist who is medical adviser to Consumers Union, argued that the subject was of great importance, and finally Dr. Carl R. Fellers, who runs the University Laboratories at Amherst, Massachusetts, and tests food products for Consumers Union, agreed to do the work. Arrangements were made for frankfurters packed in dry ice to be flown in from California and for other samples to be brought from Chicago and Boston. The work is now in progress.

Kaplan told me that a great factor in determining whether or not to test a product is whether test methods and machinery exist or can be obtained or devised without exorbitant expenditures. Consumers Union has twenty-five testing technicians at the Mount Vernon plant, another three automobile testers at its special automobile branch near New Haven, Connecticut, and three people who specialize in textiles at its plant in Groton, Massachusetts. It also uses many outside consultants after first checking their impartiality.

After all the research on probable wants and needs of subscribers is finished and a conference is held to decide whether the testing can be done properly at reasonable cost, engineers are assigned to each testing project. A writer follows the entire process to prepare the article which, after many revisions, will go into *Consumer Reports*. An outline is prepared on what the testing process must do, and a great mass of data is accumulated on convenience, hazard, performance, durability, and economy of a product, model, or brand. The problem then becomes one of making simple sense out of this information and presenting it in terms readers will find easy to grasp. The engineer's report on each testing operation is an exhaustive document, telling what he and his associates did, how they did it, and what they found. At least ten people usually go over the writer's draft, argue about it, and revise it before it gets into the magazine. The conclusions are summarized in ratings that score products as "Best Buys," "Acceptable," and "Not Acceptable."

Masters told me that the organization sometimes spends $3,000 to put out a one-page article. As examples of expenditures, he showed me a constant-temperature room that cost Consumers Union $45,000 and a waterproof concrete floor that cost $6,000. The organization is presently building what it regards as the best soundproofed room in the country to test record players and other sound equipment. This room will cost more than $20,000 before it is finished; the doors alone have come to $3,500. In another room in the Mount Vernon plant, television sets are kept on day and night so that technicians can test their quality and durability.

Wandering through the building in Mount Vernon, one gets the impression of calm and concentration. The only noise is from the whir of washing machines and other devices taking their exams as men in white coats tear the insides out of innumerable products, or from the flat press in the basement turning out thousands of circulars for direct-mail solicitation of subscriptions.

Cars and Tars

The automobile is the item of largest importance and interest to Consumers Union subscribers. Consumers Union reports on tests of all U.S. cars and some of the more popular low-priced foreign makes. Its testers drive every car more than two thousand miles under varying speed, load, and road conditions in order to determine how well it rides, how safe and easy it is to operate, and how expensive it is to run. They study every part of an automobile's innards and all its gadgets and trimmings. Laurence Crooks, the engineer in charge, has been doing this work ever since Consumers Union was founded. He and his aides run each car over an especially rough, twisting, and bumpy road. Then the cars are tested on a sports-car racing track at Lime Rock, Connecticut, which Consumers Union rents on weekdays when sports-car races are not being run. In addition to the reports on new cars that appear every month, the April issue of *Consumer Reports* each year is devoted almost entirely to the automobile models of that year, listing their comparative advantages at the prices asked.

Consumers Union uses a number of volunteer guinea pigs. Sixty men shaved themselves with various electric razors for a few weeks and sent in reports to supplement the laboratory tests. Seven hundred women wore various brands of nylon stockings and reported on their durability over a number of weeks. More than a thousand people tasted coffee to register their preferences between instant and regular.

THE ORGANIZATION'S tests of cigarettes for tars and nicotine have aroused great interest within and without the tobacco industry during the recent years of controversy over whether smoking cigarettes causes cancer. Last January 14, full-page advertisements appeared in eighty-six newspapers in sixty-five cities from New York to Los Angeles and Miami to Seattle reading: "For the latest report on filter cigarettes see page 24 of the January issue of Consumer Reports. Parliament Cigarettes."

Consumers Union was justifiably concerned because above the masthead in each issue of *Consumer Reports* is this statement: "Neither the Ratings nor the reports may be used in advertising or for any commercial purpose of any nature. Consumers Union will take all steps open to it to prevent or to prosecute any such uses of its material or of its name or the name of *Consumer Reports*." Consumers Union lawyers feel that they can bring suit against those who quote from the *Reports* as violators of the copyright law. Those who simply refer to the ratings in advertising may also be violating the copyright.

The January issue of *Consumer*

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Reports had noted on page 24 in an article entitled "Tars and nicotines in cigarettes" (now practically a continuous serial story with *Consumer Reports*) that Parliaments had a new "hi-fi" filter which, as evidenced in tests by Consumers Union experts, was "largely responsible for an impressive reduction in the tar and nicotine content of the smoke of this brand." When *Consumer Reports* readers saw the Parliament ads in their newspapers, they began to write letters to their organization demanding to know whether it had changed its policy of forbidding use of its ratings in advertising. But even before that, Consumers Union's officials and lawyers were demanding that the Philip Morris Company, makers of Parliament, cease and desist. Philip Morris, anxious to avoid trouble with *Consumer Reports* readers and their friends, stopped advertising their rating and quickly agreed to run another advertisement, which it headed "An Explanation to the Readers of Consumer Reports," in the same eighty-six newspapers that had run the original advertisement.

Consumers Union has only once had to take legal action. In 1950 the Doeskin Products Company published advertisements in the Chicago *Tribune* claiming that *Consumer Reports* had given its paper products top rating. Consumers Union obtained a cease and desist order against the company from the Federal Trade Commission, and the advertising ceased. It complains promptly whenever a company uses its reports or ratings in advertising, and the company usually stops at once. Sometimes, of course, the company has already made its point by the ad; but it cannot make it a continuing campaign.

Dexter Masters felt it was a little odd that Parliament cigarettes had been permitted to advertise *Consumer Reports* when for many years *Consumer Reports* had its own ads rejected by the New York *Times*, the New York *Herald Tribune*, and newspapers and magazines throughout the country. The argument had been that one advertiser should not be allowed to criticize other advertisers. But on March 25, the *Times*, the New York *World-Telegram and Sun*, and newspapers in thirteen other major cities finally accepted a half-column ad for the automobile number of *Consumer Reports*.

The Manufacturers Come to Learn

In the early years of consumer testing and reporting organizations, manufacturers and advertising agencies were openly hostile. Some retailers, too, became antagonistic when they found they could not move goods that had been given a low rating. Today the attitude of makers and sellers has changed considerably.

Recently a leading manufacturer of cameras wrote: "Thank you for your letter concerning your method of testing cameras. Many of our dealers have mentioned Consumers Union to me and have referred to the evaluation you have placed on photographic products. Your recommendations are very highly respected in the trade. We are naturally interested, therefore, in a higher rating through improvement of our products." A General Electric Company toaster last year was rated "Not Acceptable" because of shock hazard. The company eliminated the defect, and *Consumer Reports* bought some new samples and reported that the shock hazard no longer existed. The Allied Radio Corporation checked over a model marked "Not Acceptable" because of shock hazard and wrote in that it found the statement to be true and had withdrawn that model.

A man in Florida who made fishing reels studied *Consumer Reports* and developed a new reel in line with its recommendations. Some companies have sent their technicians to Mount Vernon to learn more about their own products. A manufacturer of children's sneakers visited the testing laboratory, thought well of its methods, and decided he could improve his product; a manufacturer of outboard motors has studied Consumers Union test methods so that he could improve his motors.

Although companies are not permitted to use *Consumer Reports* findings in their advertisements, salesmen do use consumer ratings to outsell their competitors, and some retailers study the magazines and increase or decrease their reorders accordingly. Even some advertising men will admit that consumer testing and reporting has had a beneficial effect in curbing extravagant claims in ads. No one has ever sued Consumers Union, partly because companies are reluctant to give even more publicity to criticism of their products, partly because it is difficult to prove that the tests are faulty and impossible to prove malice.

The 1957 questionnaire, which was answered by 128,000 *Consumer Reports* subscribers, showed that its readers have a high median income of about $8,000 a year. Most of them own their own homes, and many have two automobiles; they are apt to be professional people or to own their own businesses. Seventy per cent have one or more members in their families with a college education. Their major purchases include freezers, air conditioners, and hi-fi rigs as well as automobiles and homes, and their credit at banks is far above average.

Some Consumers Union officials, including the treasurer, Bernard J. Reis, wish their magazine was more widely read by families in the lower-income brackets. If you snoop around in a poor family's medicine chest, Reis told me, you will invariably find the most expensive patent medicines. Reis and many of his colleagues in Mount Vernon find it ironic that well-to-do consumers tend to be more immune to flamboyant advertising and more careful about their purchases than are lower-income consumers who can least afford to buy products that are higher in price and lower in quality than those recommended in *Consumer Reports*.

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Detroit's Great Debate: 'Where Did We Go Wrong?'

ERIC LARRABEE

THERE IS a nightmare facing Detroit. Some in the industry acknowledge it, many will not; but it is there. Behind the surface symptoms—unemployment double the national rate, inventories twice the normal size, the decline in sales of medium-priced cars, and a sharp increase in the sales of foreign cars—lies the possibility of some central flaw in Detroit's constitution that is not only permitting its present sickness but may keep the tried and tested remedies from effecting a cure.

Detroit is one of the few large cities of the U.S. that are provincial enough to speak with one voice. Like Hollywood, it has become a kind of secular shrine to twentieth-century technology. Like Hollywood, it has built enormous enterprises on the whims of the American public. Like Hollywood, too, it is a one-industry town—a complex of companies scattered across the wastes of an overgrown village in the advanced stages of urban sprawl. Like Hollywood, it may have passed its peak.

OFFICIALLY no such thing can be admitted, for Detroit publicly recognizes only one correct attitude: fixed and permanent optimism. "This is a very power-of-positive-thinking business," said a journalist who covers the city. "Any given fact is surrounded by squads of smiling public-relations men. The only way to find out anything is to know somebody."

But in this Detroit does itself a disservice. Actually there are many auto-industry people who are realistic, thoughtful, and subtle. They conduct a dialogue of some sophistication. But they do so largely in private. The minute Detroit thinks people are listening, it becomes secretive and conspiratorial.

Before going to Detroit a few weeks ago, I had been warned that no one would open up and that the real story would be smothered in group think. Perhaps so, but I came away with the impression that even the men most deeply involved, who still believe that nothing fundamental has changed, are willing to discuss ideas that would have been classed six months ago as forbidden.

Is this, then, an "agonizing reappraisal"? To that question there were many answers, most of which came down to "No—not yet."

The Mass-Produced Status Symbol

Local observers of the industry who have no personal stake in it are quick to remark that if Detroit isn't worried, it ought to be. An outsider

whose business takes him regularly to one company office said that in all his experience he had never seen such a "fantastic" situation. "They just walk around out there shaking their heads. It's a real mess."

Any observations made inside the industry, of course, are more guarded, but they may also be more revealing. At two out of the Big Three, officials spontaneously brought up what seems to me the central issue—the decline of the car as a symbol of prestige—even though in their present mood the very thought of this should be anathema. Detroit's greatest efforts have been devoted to raising the car out of the category of mere transportation into the realm of fashion and design. If we are in fact witnessing the failure of the automobile as a symbol, the falling away of all those emotional appeals that designers have succeeded in packing into it, then Detroit is never going to be the same again.

The automobile started as a snob vehicle and a rich man's toy, and did not play its part in the reorganizing of American life until Henry Ford made it functional, universal, and cheap. Then a surprising thing happened: where other revolutions have devoured their children, this one devoured its father. The customers discovered that they could demand and get cars that were decorative, fashionable, and not too expensive. Ford was compelled to abandon his Model T, along with all the dream of sensible practicality that it stood for, and compete with the dream of luxury that he had himself made possible. History, which he despised, took its revenge.

With the acceptance, notably by General Motors, of the principle that "appearance sells cars," there began the process of lengthening, lowering, and bedazzling that eventually brought the models of today into being. The responsibility for making cars attractive to the buyer passed more and more from the engineers to the designers, and the car itself was treated increasingly as an extension of its driver's personality—or a collective personality projected onto the consumer. Detroit, both in its design and its advertising, became almost legendarily adept at playing up to the egos and satisfying the desires of its customers; the car came with the buyer's motivations built into it.

TODAY the designers are at the peak of their power. "The bosses used to complain at the slightest change," said one of them. "Now they come in and poke behind the drawing boards and say, 'Haven't you got anything else around here anywhere?' If we come up with something good for 1960, they want to rush it into '59."

"Look at Chrysler," runs the usual argument. "They thought they had something good, so good they could leave it alone. Only an expert can

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tell the 58s from the 57s, and so—they're being clobbered."

The designers are on the spot, and they know it. Like members of any profession from which too much is expected, they have been conscious of how soon the day may come when their present magic will no longer work. But in this they are almost unique; everyone else in Detroit seems to believe that the designers will be able to go on pulling new models out of the hat indefinitely. "A change will come only when it turns out that even a *revolutionary* new design won't sell cars," said one member of the General Motors styling staff.

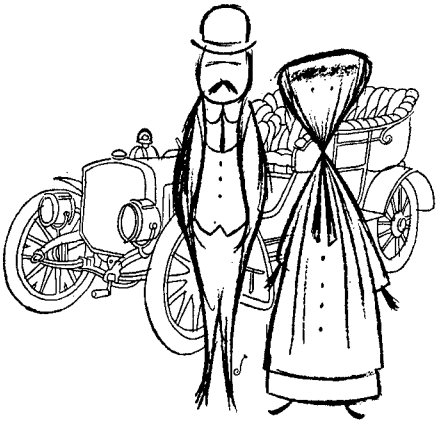
DESIGNERS look forward to that day with a mixture of anxiety and anticipation. In most respects it should be a happy one for them, since the pressure to sell a car by hanging chromium gewgaws on it should then let up, increasing the opportunity for clean, uncluttered design. Many of the designers are sports-car buffs ("We want to sell a lot of Chevvies so that we can all drive Ferraris") who hope the time may come when they will be able to make cars that they themselves might almost like.

G.M.'s shining new Tech Center, where a number of them work, may even succeed in breaking Parkinson's Law of Design: that the perfect headquarters are achieved only by institutions on the verge of collapse. This austere brick-and-stainless-steel Versailles, trim buildings set around a long reflecting pool, is a monastic enclave of quiet elegance set down in the midst of a scabrous landscape. It is perfect of its kind, from the lowliest drawing board to the private dining room for G.M. President Harlow H. Curtice, furnished in hardwoods and eye-searing anodized blue aluminum ("Mr. Curtice's decorator was specifically instructed to use restraint") and equipped with a hexagonal table seating twelve (the circular center section, if the ashtray should be a little out of reach, revolves at the touch of a button at your elbow).

But the occupants of this monument to past successes talk as though they were just getting started. "This is the time to be here," said Robert F. McLean of G.M.'s styling staff. "I'm absolutely convinced that the next twenty or thirty years are going to see more changes in the industry than all there have been up to now."

The designers, in short, have an open-end vision of Detroit's future. They like to consider the car from what they themselves call an "architectural" point of view, in terms of its function and total context; and they are willing to project imaginative solutions into the unknown—to talk about electronic highways or the possibility of cars universally rentable, each designed for a specific use. And they are modest. "I can't see it," said one of McLean's colleagues, of another's wild proposal. "We can't see it," McLean answered mildly. "Maybe there's someone who can."

But, and it is a large "but," the future is not yet theirs. By "styling," Detroit still tends to mean the application of attractive shapes and colors to the outside of a car, not



the total control over the cars that designers would like to mean when they say "design." What the car *is*—what it is meant to do and who will buy it—is a subject on which many other voices still have to be heard. Even Harley J. Earl of G.M., the most successful designer of all, has limits to his authority. "Earl is a great guy and all that," insisted one of the Detroit journalists, "but the chief designer at G.M. is Harlow Curtice."

Fishtails and 'Amazing Bargains'

Up to now, Detroit has been proceeding on the assumption that it knew what the American public wanted, and that was "more"—more power, more gadgets, more car. The assumption rested not so much on evidence as on two economic devices—the used-car market and the annual model change—that made it logical and close to obligatory. Each year's design held the promise of the next, leading invitingly into the future; and once the process began of appealing to a given desire (for speed, for greater ease, for fancier ornament), it could only go on and on in the same direction.

ALSO, since it was the existence of a thriving secondhand market that enabled people to sell their present cars and buy new ones, the designs had to have a brassy allure that could survive more than one ownership without falling too far behind the fashion. Driving around Detroit, one cannot help thinking that its true symbol is therefore to be found in the used-car lots, which line interminably the avenues like Livernois, one "amazing bargain" after another, with looping strings of bare light bulbs stretching to infinity.

But one of the flaws in this system was that the only index of success or failure was one of sales—which merely indicated whether the system was working, not whether it was working as well as it should. Harley Earl built a career on his own conviction that the American public wanted the automobile to be longer and lower; and a large enough majority liked well over thirty million of the cars he designed to prove him right. But what about the minorities?

Car designs, as sociological studies supported by Ford have shown (and as everyone knows from experience), create their own atmosphere of acceptance; Cadillac took a chance on its fishtail fins, but familiarity soon wore the shock of them away. The radical quickly becomes commonplace, and whatever reservations the public may have get lost in a stream of willing or unwilling acquiescence. Detroit, as a result, knows only what it has satisfied, not what it has failed to satisfy.

Like many other industries in recent years, Detroit has been trying to solve its problems by flirting with the social sciences. It has had the liveliest response from that promising child of psychology and economics known as motivational

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research. If the customer wants to express his personality through the car, why not find out what qualities he sees in the various makes and how he relates them to his own? It seemed to make sense.

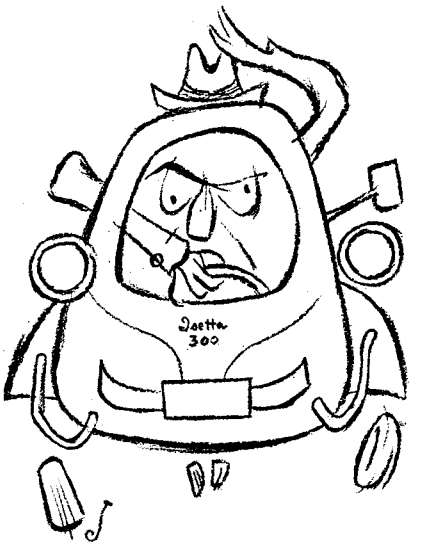
The pioneer effort was the now-famous study made in 1953 by Pierre Martineau (with Lloyd Warner and Burleigh Gardner) for the advertising department of the Chicago *Tribune*. Testing several hundred people, mostly car owners, they found that definite "personalities" could be described for the various makes, based on the feelings that respondents had about them.

Other investigations have since followed the same trail, most notably those that preceded last year's introduction of Ford's new Edsel. These showed, to the delight of Edsel's management, that among the "images" of medium-price-range cars there was an area the Edsel might occupy—a personality deliberately contrived to be that of "the smart car for the younger executive or professional family on its way up." When this ill-starred venture fell flat on its face, there were naturally those who blamed social science. As a matter of fact, the research had only confirmed the Edsel management in its leanings toward a bigger and fancier model. The basic decision (to invade the medium-priced field) had been arrived at independently, at a higher level and seemingly self-sufficient grounds.

A Cannibal Isle

Though Detroit, post-Edsel, is no longer so sure that it knows what the public wants, its very isolation and self-sufficiency obscures the extent and quality of its worry. After all, Detroit is *always* worried—about this year. It is an aspirin-and-headache business, trying to cope with the age of the mass consumer, which the automobile more than anything has created, by standing foursquare for the individual producer. Detroit remains an island of ferocious free enterprise. Long ago the auto companies got into the habit of cut-throat competition, and they seem unable to get out of it. The turnover of managerial manpower is fierce, but it is apparently justified as necessary to internal organization and morale.

"This is a pragmatic business that has been run for years by a lot of pragmatic men," said one who works with them. "It's still one of the roughest there is, and division manager is still one of the roughest jobs in the world. They get a year, two at the most, to prove themselves—and there are a lot of them around who just didn't get the breaks. There isn't one of them heading a division now who could survive two bad years."



"What do they think about?" A man no longer with the industry tried to answer the question. "They think about beating the competition. And inside the companies all they do is sell to each other. You never saw such a place for conferences. They spend all morning at it, they go upstairs to lunch together, and then they're back at it all afternoon, making presentations to each other. It takes a pretty courageous man to stick his head up and say something that isn't a part of the general pattern.

"Social life?" He laughed. "They get it out at the country club, where their wives have been playing bridge and gossiping all day. This is a great place for gossip. They never see anyone else. The top brass go to Bloomfield Hills and the lower ranks to—what's that other place?—Oakland. It's all strictly hierarchic; you go with your own kind. Finally the day comes that you make the bonus list and the executive dining room—those go together, you get both at once—and then you're in."

Detroit's insularity—cutting it off from the rest of the country, whose moods it must supposedly anticipate—is partly a by-product of its heavy bureaucracy, but also of its strenuous competitive spirit. The auto men spend a great deal of time sharpening their claws on each other. They inhabit a jungle of their own contriving. When the auto executive thinks of the sums involved, the quantities of raw material and labor, the impact his choices may have on Dayton or Indianapolis, he doubts that any other "real" world could be more real than the one he inhabits. And there are always those bonuses to remind him of how deeply he is linked to it. They loom large. "Out here," as Bill Kroger of *Business Week* puts it, "the salaries are the fringe benefits."

A part of Detroit's "toughness" has come to consist in pretending to pay no attention to criticism. Actually the industry is hypersensitive, and will quiver at your slightest frown: "Why us?" is the refrain. "Why do people gripe so much about cars, and not about houses or something?" But it has made such a virtue of not seeming to give a damn in public that it knows only limited responses to adversity and dissent. Some Detroiters take refuge in a sullen, Neanderthal rage ("They think even the *Wall Street Journal* is a prophet of gloom and doom," I was told), while others, more politically conscious, blame their woes on a convenient two-headed monster named Reuther-Williams. But even the most enlightened may suddenly lash out with bitterness at "Eastern aesthetes." (The disdain for "effete Eastern" habits, such as driving Volkswagens, is one of the reasons for their current uneasiness at the spread of such odd customs into the solid, middlebrow Midwest.)

Fall Guy Named Edsel

Because of this insularity, decisions are sometimes reached in Detroit—for what seems to Detroit to be, in Detroit's terms, self-evident reasons—where a larger perspective might have suggested a different answer. The Edsel is only the most recent and obvious case in point. It was compellingly clear to the Ford Motor Company that it needed another car in the medium-price range, where G.M. and Chrysler had three apiece and Ford had only one, so that Ford

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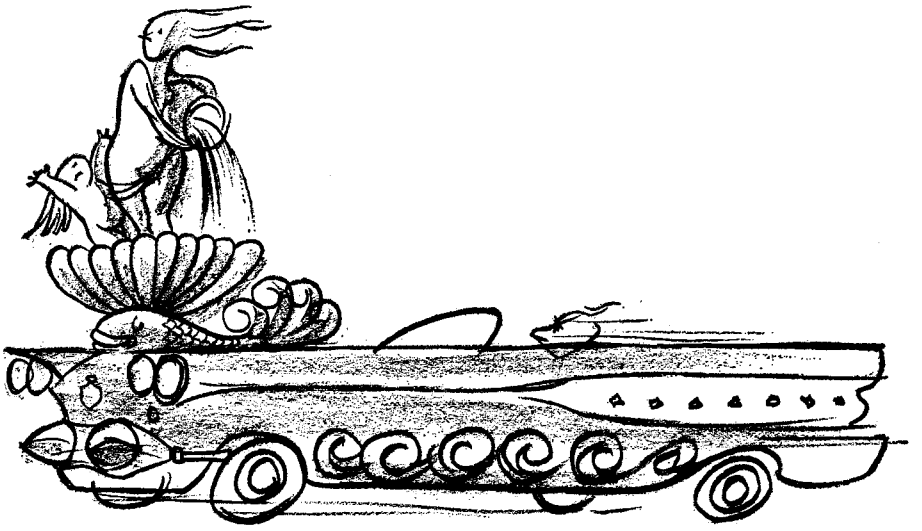
owners could "trade up" without leaving the Ford family. What was good for General Motors, so to speak, was good enough for Ford. The research on Edsel's "personality" did not and indeed could not answer the question of whether or not the country could *stand* another medium-priced car.

The Edsel, in all fairness, has been a fall guy for the industry. It has borne the brunt of antagonisms long in gestation and deep in origin, and the same thing could well have happened to any Detroit "big package" that came into the limelight at such a magnificently wrong moment in history. What people dislike about the Edsel, at least to some degree, is the image of progress that it represents—the very idea that the newest of new cars would merely be more absurdly shaped, more powerful, and more gimmicky than the rest. Dozens of extraneous reasons can be adduced to "explain" the Edsel's spectacular nose dive, but even when all are allowed for, the suspicion remains that it was not an accident but an ill omen for the whole industry. Other manufacturers, thinking there but for the grace of God go they, must sooner or later ask themselves how they ever got in this fix.

'At Least I'm Covered . . .'

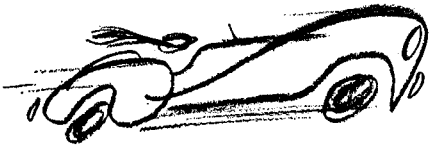
To some it must occur that they brought it on themselves. Detroit's long-term tendency has been to homogenize its product. Originally there were many diverse cars, covering a wide spread of tastes and prices and functions. But increasingly they have grown to be more and more like one another. Not satisfied with a part of the market, each maker wants as much as possible of the whole market. This involves an assumption that there is such a thing as *the* mass market for automobiles, that there is some single sort of car that a majority of customers will want (or put up with), and that an industry can be sustained on providing it. Here again, unrestrained competitiveness turns out to be self-defeating.

"What happens," according to one explanation I got, "is that the division manager always finds out what his major competitor is going to do. Then he thinks to himself, 'If I don't do the same thing, and he wins, they'll say that was the reason I lost. If I do it, and still don't win, then at least I'm covered. What can I lose?' The thing is not to be caught in a mistake, or they'll just cut you out. It really kills initiative or new ideas."



Moreover, the effect of blurring distinctions between brands is to reduce the incentive for buying the product in the first place. Some cars once had enormous snob appeal, enough to stretch out the range and emphasize the interval between one car and the next. But one by one the cars which had individuality have abandoned it. Plymouth was the last holdout; it had gone on appealing to a modest, no-nonsense clientele that was often described as the Schoolteacher Trade. Then, in 1953, it made ex-G.M. designer Virgil M. Exner director of styling, subsequently sprouted fins, and high-tailed it after the crowd—initially with great success. But Plymouth was thus helping to undermine the very style consciousness it had set out to pursue. Where all are bunched together, distinctions become less and less effective—and there is less and less satisfaction to be had in expressing individuality by the choice of a car, which would naturally include Plymouth.

The finishing touches to the bear trap in which Detroit now finds itself were applied by a man named Lewis D. Crusoe. In the effort to defend Ford (of which he was put in charge in 1949) against the increasing strength of higher-priced cars like Buick, he led the way in beefing up the low-price models to a point where they could compete in size and luxury with the "medium" category. He scored a formidable triumph. In 1957 Ford (and Chrysler's Plymouth, which followed suit) did grievous damage to G.M.—especially to Buick, which has yet to recover. Chevrolet inevitably swung into line, and is now belaboring Ford in kind—with the result that each of the "low-price" cars (Ford, Chevrolet, and Plymouth) has a hefty overlap into the "medium-price" range and, to make matters worse, seems to be selling best in the highest-price models—for instance Ford's Fairlane 500 or Chevrolet's Impala.



THIS MAKES the question of what now happens to the medium-price range as such—and to the eight makes that previously occupied it—an extremely tangled one. It would still seem to be the heart of the market in terms of price at least. If there is something basically wrong with the category itself, why is Oldsmobile—contrary to trend and to all good sense—selling so well this year? And yet, on the other hand, it is equally evident that the traditional "medium" cars as a class—Pontiac, Oldsmobile, Buick, Dodge, De Soto, Chrysler, and Mercury—have been losing ground for several years and,

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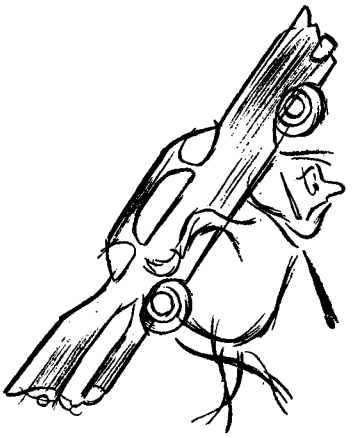
along with Edsel, are the worst sufferers from the present downturn. Dan Cordtz of the *Wall Street Journal* has calculated that their sales for January, 1958, are down a staggering thirty-three per cent from the same month in 1957, in contrast to twenty-two per cent for American cars generally.

'Maybe People Have Had It'

There are of course many people in Detroit who deny—at length, and with charts—that the medium-price range is dying out. One of them is J. Emmet Judge of Ford, former director of planning for the Edsel division and now director of planning for the entire new Mercury-Edsel-Lincoln division. He is willing to concede the possibility that the auto's role is shifting: "Formerly you wouldn't drive a Chevvy up to a country club; now you would. The money that might have gone into a more expensive car may be going into swimming pools, or something else. We don't know."

Judge also emphasizes the diminishing physical and mechanical distinctions between cars: "The differences in quality between lines are now very slight. Perhaps we used to furnish the interiors of the Ford and Lincoln with two grades of broadcloth at some dollars' distance apart in price. Now we may do them in two grades of plastic that are both better than the broadcloth but have a relatively minor difference in price." And he acknowledges the pressure from the low-price range: "There are people here in the company who sincerely believe that all the Ford line needs is the Ford."

But he himself doesn't accept the idea: "The middle market isn't changing as much as people say." Here came the charts. "I don't really believe that Americans change that fast. Does anyone? Do you? I don't believe it. It's hard enough, as we've found, to change people's attitudes when you set out to do it deliberately. Are Americans asking for austerity in anything else? Are they asking for it in their houses? You may be able to get a woman to accept a little bug as a second car, but the man who drives to work isn't going to give up his automatic transmission, his power steering, and his power brakes."



Where Judge is lonely in his optimism, however, his doubts are shared by many. The Detroit bureau chief of a national business publication also commented on the car's social decline: "I've noticed it all through the Midwest. The car isn't what counts any more; it's a vacation in Phoenix." And another reporter finds this thought marvelous to contemplate: "Maybe the American home has just plain filled up with stuff. Maybe people have had it. Maybe they aren't buying things because they've already got what they want."

In an article excoriating the auto industry, the advertising magazine *Tide* points out that while income-after-necessities has been increasing, it has not gone into Detroit cars but into such things as boats and outboard motors ($1.912 billion), portable TV sets ($1.235 billion), foreign cars ($350 million), and hi-fi sets ($300 million). "Americans aren't buying American cars," *Tide* concluded, "for three reasons: they aren't ready to go into hock for an outdated status symbol; they have other things they want to spend their money on; and many of them just don't care for the product they're being offered. . . ."

Romney's Heresy

Detroit has been hearing such warnings for years from its resident heretic, George Romney, president of American Motors and champion of the American small car. Romney is an enthusiast and a moralizer, and he has been confronting Detroit not only with an alternative car but an alternative doctrine, fully worked out, to back it up. "I believe the conclusion is overwhelming," he said, in introducing the fifteen-foot Rambler American earlier this year, "that the U.S. car market is already beginning to undergo a fundamental change and that this change cannot be met by exclusive adherence to design and product concepts that have dominated industry thinking for the past twenty-five years."

Romney has the old puritanical, Henry Fordian belief in the automobile as pure transportation. "His is the first genuine experiment," said a G.M. economist, "in turning the clock back." He is worried about the space that cars take up, and the gasoline they use, and the waste effort that goes into sustaining "forced-draft obsolescence." And he sees evidence that we have recently passed a turning point, when "a new kind of living" began to emerge. "People began to express themselves in success and fun symbols other than the swank car. . . . The U.S. began to find itself a little fat in the middle and a little short of breath in the survival race with the dead-serious Soviets. . . . We wonder if we are frittering away a bit too much of our heritage, if we aren't somewhat too self-indulgent. . . .

"It used to be," Romney goes on, "that many people could satisfy their neighborly pride by living in a small house with a big new car in the driveway. It was a none-too-subtle symbol of success. Today, the showy car is becoming passé as the primary means of satisfying ego expression. . . . All in all, a basic change has taken place in the nature of conspicuous consumption—and isn't that change beginning to express itself in a demand for great common sense in motor cars? We think it is. . . ."

The ironic aspect of Romney's view is that he manages to favor simultaneously both austerity (in size) and abundance (in numbers). American Motors has the elder Ford's passion for personal mobility. "Initial mobility breeds more mobility . . . as a result of the flight to the suburbs, there are about sixteen million 'captive' American wives. They are marooned at home every day when their husbands take the family car. Ten million of them are licensed drivers who want and need transportation. . . ." Romney may be

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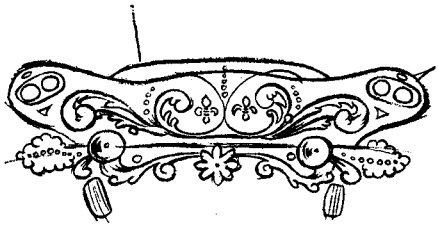
able to shorten cars by three or four feet, but if he adds ten million to the roads he clearly won't be solving the traffic problem.

DETROIT has resisted the small-car argument. It is congenitally suspicious of people who answer questionnaires in favor of less chromium and then buy cars with more "brightwork" than ever. It is dubious of European standards of comfort when applied to American long-distance travel. It regards with profound mistrust the Bohemian motives of those who buy sports cars largely to show them off. ("Maybe the bloom is off *that* rose.") And it knows all too well that a small car would cost Detroit almost as much to make as a big one.

"I'd love nothing better than to whip up a little Isetta," one of the G.M. designers said. "But the development costs would be prohibitive before we even got the committees



started. Just let me put together a team and go out in the woods someplace, where we could knock the thing together without going through all that nonsense—anywhere outside Detroit—and we could do that kind of car."

Furthermore, the auto industry recognizes, in part instinctively, that much of the small-car controversy is a diversion. It provides those who dislike Detroit with something to be in favor of, without necessarily coping with the problems that Detroit itself would mightily like to solve. What *do* the American people want? What kind of product will maintain Detroit at its highest level of production?

'They're Not Dumb'

"Don't sell these people short." One of the most skeptical and informed of the local newsmen wanted to be sure I didn't make that final mistake. "Larry Doyle at Edsel said it best: 'We make automobiles by the thousands but we sell them one by one.' You can't laugh off people who do that. Perhaps they're the greatest con men in history, but they're not dumb."

What seems most likely to happen is that both G.M. and Ford (Chrysler is still trying to make up its mind) will bring out a small car by 1960. Whether this is a good thing or not is a moot question. The companies have been watching the foreign-car sales all the time they have been disparaging them, and they have apparently come to the conclusion that making money is more important than principle. Some of their interest in a small car also results from the upgrading of their own low-price models; a gap has been left between these and the small European cars, whose prices have remained almost the same. In between $1,500 and $2,000 is a slot that a new make might occupy.

But the creation of such a car (over at G.M. they call Ford's version the "Henriette") will not be an act of faith or prove any change of heart. Detroit will do it for the usual reason: to prevent anyone else from doing it. "I don't understand George Romney," said a G.M. man. "He not only wants to make small cars, he wants everyone else to make small cars. He's just asking us to come and beat his head in, and it looks as if that's what we're going to do."

The small car will not represent, in other words, a real shift toward the doctrine of functionalism that Romney preaches. Detroit's idea of a small car is "functional" only by default, and the words applied to it are mainly derogatory; "stripped" is the most common. Here the idea of the single, mass market still bears down on Detroit's imagination. It can only visualize the small car as something less admirable than the large car. The equations are fixed: small = cheap = bad, large = expensive = good. Detroit has no way of appealing to the small-car customer without insulting him; it offers him the tail end of the procession, and never lets him forget it.

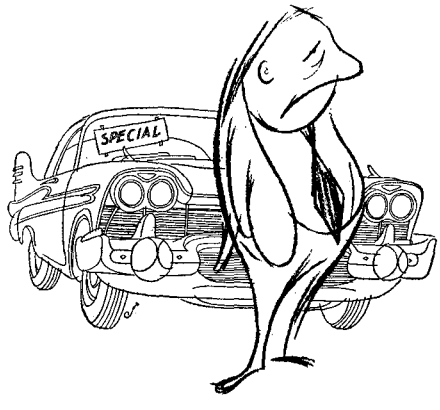
The small foreign car, if nothing else, is a way out of that rat race. It does not identify its owner as someone who couldn't afford something better, but rather as someone willing to be labeled "different." Detroit needs similar devices, ways of appealing to distinct classes of customers whose aspirations lie in more than one direction. Ideally its fantastic energies, still subject to crises of overproduction like the present one, would be expended in learning to diversify; and something very like this may be happening. Variations even in the shapes of sheet steel are becoming mechanically easier to make, both from one year to the next and within a given car; and the designers given to dreaming can speculate, even now, about cars tailored to each owner like a suit of clothes.

Some industry observers, in the meantime, anticipate that the market will first become more monolithic. At the extremes of the price range they still foresee snob cars and economy cars, but in the middle nothing but a "classless car," a super Ford-Chevrolet-Plymouth that will have swallowed up the "medium" makes.

The process of homogenization will have reached one further stage, and the impulse to spend money on cars—beyond the minimum felt necessary—will be that much weaker.

"WHAT'S THE WORST thing that could happen?" one of the most thoughtful Detroit executives asked his associates at lunch in the company dining room. There was no answer. "The worst that could happen," he went on "is that the American consumer, over the long run, might put less of his income into automobiles. It's possible we might have to settle for a substantially smaller proportion of the national income.

"But before we let that happen," he added, "we will fight like hell."



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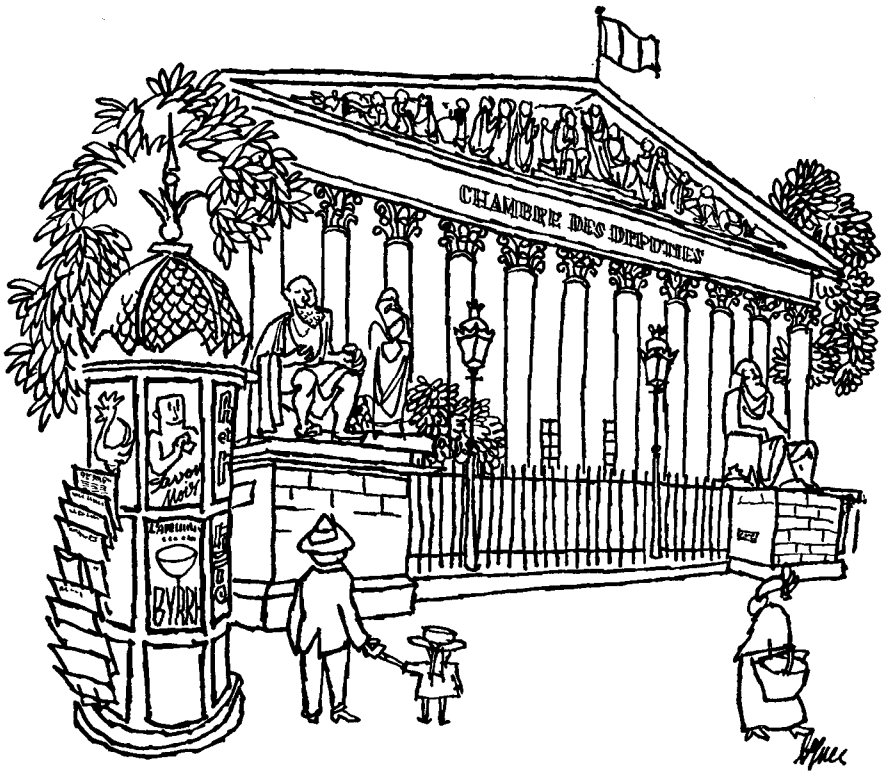

AT HOME & ABROAD

The Shadow Of Charles de Gaulle

EDMOND TAYLOR

PARIS

THE POSSIBILITY of General Charles de Gaulle's return to power, legally or extralegally as the result of some unusually prolonged governmental crisis, is again causing anxiety to those Frenchmen who are involved in what the general once termed the "games, poisons, and delights" of their nation's parliamentary system. The mood of France's numerous perennial or potential premiers, threatened with technological unemployment if de Gaulle returns, was lampooned recently by a cartoon in *L'Express*—a weekly that of late has been helping in the campaign for de Gaulle's return. It depicts him as the statue of the Commander in Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, with Don Juan-Gaillard and Leporello-Lacoste huddled in a corner saying, "I tell you I saw it move." The same uneasiness disturbs some of the Allied embassies in Paris. It is generally agreed among western observers that de Gaulle's return to power would have a revolutionary impact, to say the least, on the interlocking Atlantic and European communities. The building up of these communities has been one of the major goals of United States diplomacy since 1948.

More detached students of the French scene—including a very large number of French citizens who are so detached that they don't even vote—are not so certain that a de Gaulle government, if it is a danger at all, is the greatest or most imminent one facing the country.

The de Gaulle of 1958 is not the de Gaulle who led the Free French. At sixty-eight he still has the stance of authority, but his body is thicker, his face heavier, his eyes less flashing. "The mask of Caesar has replaced that of Joan of Arc," one of his adversaries wrote here not long ago. In talks with French politicians, de Gaulle gives the impression that he is ready to take power again, but only under certain conditions. Not only does he want a free hand to solve the nation's problems but he wants the National Assembly, which cannot agree on anything else, to agree on calling him back as France's savior. "People seem to be afraid that I am preparing a *coup d'état*," de Gaulle is reported to have told one of the increasingly numerous visitors who flock to his austere Parisian headquarters in the Rue de Solferino. "But even if I wanted to, I couldn't. There's no state left to overthrow."

In saying this, de Gaulle sums up both his strengths and weaknesses as a candidate for office and the underlying problem of the nation itself. In one of the strangest paradoxes of French history, a spectacular renascence of industrial, intellectual, and even demographic vitality coincides with a phase of abrupt decline not only in government but in the civic responsibility on which government must be based.

The executive branch is the first to be affected by this decline. The Paris police strike, which on March 13 filled the National Assembly with nightmares of a parliament naked to its constituents' wrath, was a sharp warning. The twenty-four-hour general strike of government employees called by Socialist, Communist, and Catholic trade unions on April 1, and the accompanying wave of walkouts and other demonstrations among public servants throughout the nation, dealt a new blow to the government's authority. Because this agitation reflected Gaillard's failure to check rising living costs, it has introduced—or reintroduced—an explosive economic and social factor into the crisis.

The political aspects of the police strike were secondary. The handful of extreme right-wing agitators, not all of them on the police force, who shouted anti-parliamentary and some anti-Semitic slogans, were an unimportant minority. Most of the police

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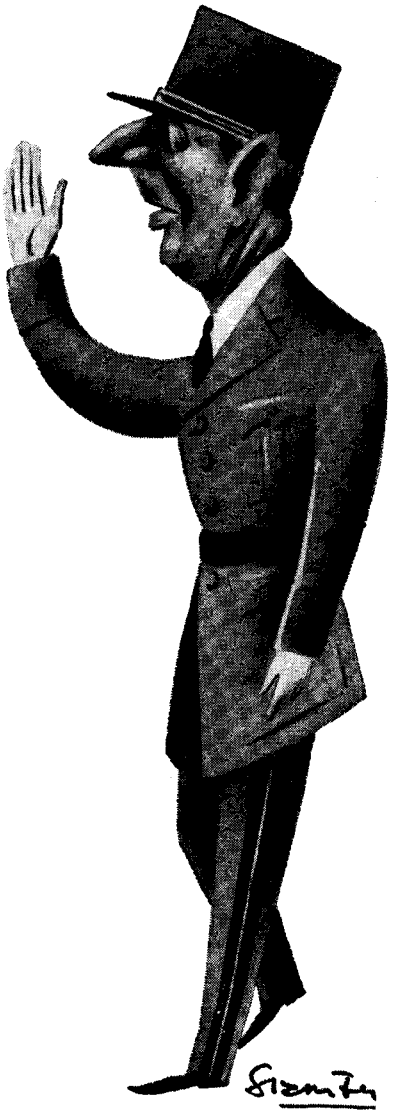
demonstrators who scientifically snarled up traffic and generally threw the capital into an uproar for nearly four hours did so as the result of an apolitical exasperation over the government's repeated failure to pay them a promised hazardous-duty bonus of roughly $17 per month. (Algerian terrorism in Metropolitan France accounts for the extra hazard.) Even to underpaid Paris policemen (their starting salary is $65 monthly), the principle of ministerial good faith mattered more than the money. Broken promises so demoralized these normally disciplined servants of the state that they temporarily lost confidence in their own officers. They forcibly penned their over-all boss, the prefect of police, in his office for a couple of hours. When the chief of the uniformed force, M. Roches, a veteran police officer noted for loyalty to the force he heads, remonstrated with his subordinates in front of the National Assembly, several of them struck him in the face. The government promptly fired Roches for letting himself be hit.

Unrest in the Army

The morale problem in the armed services and in the defense departments is even more alarming. There has been a wave of resignations among high-ranking staff officers and civilian administrators, particularly in the air force. General Paul Ely, who is chief of the army general staff, has allowed press reports that he was fed up to be widely printed, and his threatened resignation was apparently averted only at the last moment. At the highest service levels, consternation over the military implications of the latest budget cuts is the immediate cause of this crisis in morale, but the humiliations the French Army feels it is suffering in North Africa, after Indo-China and Suez, rankle too. Shortly after the Sakiet bombing, certain military circles here made a point of letting Allied colleagues know that if the French government should order an undignified withdrawal in Tunisia it would be forcibly removed from office. Presumably they let Gaillard know, too.

The younger officers in Algeria, who bear the brunt of the "police action," are disgusted not merely with civilian leadership in Paris. Many of them criticize their immediate military superiors in Algeria for both the "softness" and the inefficiency of the repressive methods used. Even the unexpectedly large number of young combat commanders who favor more generous political reforms in Algeria tend to mix their liberalism with demands for



greater "firmness" in dealing with France's enemies within or beyond the Algerian borders. Their frustration daily grows more corrosive. "If the parliamentary system breaks down in France, it won't be de Gaulle who takes over," a veteran French political leader remarked to me a few days after the police demonstration. "It will be somebody like Bigeard." (Colonel Marcel Bigeard is a popular paratroop commander in Algeria.)

There is a Gaullist clique in the army, but it is not dominant. Quite a few professional officers are still royalists at heart and in a national crisis would be strongly influenced by whatever lead they got from the Comte de Paris, the active, intelligent Bourbon pretender, with whom de Gaulle, incidentally, has established close contact in recent months. Another army faction, particularly in the colonial regiments, looks for leadership to Marshal Alphonse Juin, with whom de Gaulle has polite but not cordial relations. Yet it must be remembered that most French officers, although now unhappy and perhaps embittered, are traditionally loyal to constituted authority.

The Demagogues

The weakness of the French parliamentary system has never been so evident. Recklessness and demagoguery have spread from die-hard nationalists and the lunatic fringe of the extreme Right to hitherto responsible and thoughtful leaders of the moderate Center-Right.

"We can't go on tolerating the degradation of a state that lets women surround its troops and the police surround its own parliament," thundered Roger Duchet, secretary and chief organizer of the powerful Independent Party, addressing its annual convention in the rococo ballroom of the old Palais d'Orsay Hotel. He was alluding to photographs that had appeared in the Paris press showing armed Tunisian militiawomen standing guard outside French barracks in Tunisia. His audience applauded when he linked the name of former Premier Pierre Mendès-France to "the bazaars of Cairo" and when he advised U.S. good-offices emissary Robert Murphy to go home and tell the U.N. to take over Tunisia. Applause trailed off somewhat only when Duchet denounced treason and defeatism in the bosom of the Catholic Church itself and called for governmental sanctions against the important Catholic daily *La Croix*, which has taken a courageously liberal stand on the Algerian problem. (A few days later, nationalist hoodlums kidnapped and tarred and feathered a liberal-minded village priest in the diocese of Lyons.)

Fortunately, like most other peo-

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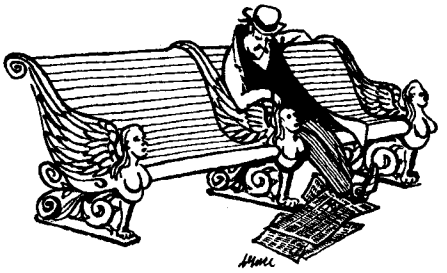
ples the French are never quite as irrational as the speeches of their politicians make them sound. But the growth of double talk and double think in French political life is getting to be a menace in itself. It has been stimulated by the attempts of successive French governments to shield the public, by censorship and propaganda, from the cruel realities of the North African conflict—and from foreign reactions to France's role in it.

When Premier Gaillard in a recent Sunday discourse at Doullens proclaimed that "Algeria is as dear to our hearts as Alsace-Lorraine," *Le Monde,* commenting on the contrast between these ringing words and the tone of polite boredom in which they were uttered, remarked in a front-page editorial, "There is another explanation for the hollow, not to say false, ring of the premier's speech. His own convictions cannot be those he proclaims."

'Migratory Birds'

The haze of unreality that appears to be settling over the French political landscape became denser in the closing days of the parliamentary session, when the Gaillard government almost succumbed to a bitter, confused controversy about some mysterious blips that had appeared on the radar screens of French military airfields in Tunisia. The Right said they had been made by Egyptian planes parachuting arms to the Algerian *fellagha,* and argued from this premise that France must retain possession of the Tunisian airfields. Realizing that the next step would be to appeal for a more red-blooded government, Gaillard denied the report about Egyptian planes and said the blips had been traced to flocks of migratory birds. In a party caucus of the Independents, Secretary of State for Air Louis Christiaens intimated that he was backing his chief's statement "for political expediency." The following day, the right-wing press published a semi-official release from the air ministry stating that further investigation had definitely established that some of the blips were planes of unidentified nationality. The premier's office kept insisting that they were birds. An extreme right-wing deputy filed a written question



asking the government to state what it knew about the migratory habits of various North African bird species and particularly to inform the Assembly whether any migrators were known to fly at night, when the blips had been seen.

"Up to the last minute before the Easter recess the Assembly has offered the sorry spectacle of the most total confusion," lamented the sober *Figaro.*

Toward the end of the session, however, more responsible leaders gradually got the wild men back under control. A constitutional reform calculated to relieve future premiers of the almost daily harassment that Gaillard has been suffering, and possibly to reduce governmental instability, was passed on first reading. (The deputies will have another chance at it when it returns from the Council of the Republic after the holidays.) Plans for overthrowing Gaillard to set up a right-dominated "win-the-war-in-Algeria" government under former Premier Georges Bidault have faded away. Instead, there is much talk among the politicians who have remained in Paris during the holidays about setting up a National Union cabinet under the Socialist leader Guy Mollet. This would bring, in effect, a "save-us-from-de Gaulle" government. What is probably more important is the fact that the Assembly has implicitly approved the government's announced intention of bringing up the Algerian question at next month's meeting of the NATO Council in Copenhagen, thus further "internationalizing" it.

Inevitable—but Unlikely

"Never underestimate the French talent for tinkering and patching up," one disillusioned but firm defender of the parliamentary system remarked to me. If France's politicians fail to patch things up enough this time, it will not be for love of de Gaulle. At present it is doubtful that more than fifty deputies would vote de Gaulle's investiture with full powers if President René Coty summoned him to form a new government.

"Logically, I can prove that a de Gaulle government is inevitable," a politician told me early in March, "but somehow I don't feel it in my bones."

Last month's police demonstration makes it a little easier perhaps to "feel" the possibility of a Gaullist triumph. But it would require a peculiar combination of circumstances and almost split-second timing. For de Gaulle to move too soon would brand him a usurper; for him to wait too long might be to lose out. His chances would be brightest if his return to power enabled him to reconcile the increasingly irreconcilable camps that disagreement over Algerian policy has caused to spring up in the country. So far, de Gaulle has not committed himself about Algeria or North Africa, although he has hinted that he favors a more liberal policy than the present official one, and for this reason French liberals like Mendès-France, the dissident Socialist and former Free French leader André Philip, and Mollet's Socialist rival Daniel Mayer have recently become Gaullist supporters. But till now de Gaulle has avoided saying anything that would lose him the support of such right-wing Gaullists and Algerian bitter-enders as Jacques Soustelle and Senator Michel Debré.

Some day, presumably, he will have to take a clear-cut position on the Algerian war, and then much of his political glamor is likely to vanish. His best hope of keeping above partisan strife is to insist on a generous but purely French solution in Algeria, repudiating further "internationalization" of the conflict. Murphy's Tunisian mission has aroused the kind of irritation, even among French liberals, that encourages such a program.

"Your Mr. Murphy is de Gaulle's greatest asset," an ardently Gaullist French newspaperman said to me recently.

Some well-placed observers think they detect a swing toward de Gaulle on the part of French big business. Usually, however, French top man-

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agement is split on the Gaullist issue. In one important bank, for example, the president is an ardent Gaullist and the chairman of the board an uncompromising opponent. The publishing world is similarly divided. Among the daily papers, de Gaulle's most enthusiastic support comes from the afternoon *Paris-Presse,* owned by the aviation magnate Marcel Dassault, with *Le Parisien Libéré* and occasionally *Le Monde* following what might be termed a crypto-Gaullist line. In the weekly field, the popular *Jours de France* backs de Gaulle, and *L'Express* and the leftist *France-Observateur* give more discreet support. (The editorial staff of the latter publication is divided on the Gaullist issue.) The provincial press is generally less Gaullist than that of the capital.

Gaullist influence is strong in the executive staff of President René Coty. Nobody knows what the able, tough new Paris prefect of police, Maurice Papon, thinks about de Gaulle, but his attitude in some circumstances might prove decisive.

Bored with Voting

The real key to what is a simmering French political crisis lies elsewhere and can be found in the returns from the recent by-elections to fill vacancies in the National Assembly.

In all these by-elections the Communists and parties or factions of the extreme Right gained at the expense of the Center, but the gains were not in themselves startling. The Gaullist vote, insofar as it could be distinguished from the conservative or nationalist vote, was significant but far from awe-inspiring.

What mainly distinguished all these contests, in a year of severe crisis, was the number of abstentions: 31.5 per cent in Marseilles, 27.1 per cent in the Nord, 31.2 per cent in the Nièvre. In the only Paris district in which a seat was being contested, more than half of the registered electorate boycotted the polls. Another seven thousand took the trouble to vote for an "Abstentionist" candidate, pledged not to serve if elected.

Add together the abstentions in the various by-elections and the extremist and Gaullist votes, and you get figures indicating, in theory, that between sixty and seventy per cent of the French electorate either disapprove of the present régime or don't care enough about it to cast a vote for its defense.

This is more discouraging than the trend of the 1956 elections, which, with their big Communist and Poujadist vote, produced the nearly ungovernable Assembly that lies at the root of recent governmental weaknesses. If the same pattern prevails in the cantonal elections late this month and in the indirect senatorial elections in June, the future of the democratic régime in France would seem dark indeed. Yet the great number of non-voters is no proof that the democratic régime is lost in France—merely that its survival is still not assured. Statistics can be highly misleading, particularly when they are used to describe a state of mind. If the support of millions of Frenchmen who have temporarily seceded from civic life can be regained for the Republic, it has little to fear from Right or Left.

Why We Aren't Building The World's Biggest Bevatron

D. H. RADLER

A SMALL GROUP of physicists from several Midwestern universities got together back in 1953 to discuss what they regarded as the pressing need for a high-energy atomic accelerator in their part of the country. Such an accelerator, known to laymen as an atom smasher, is essential for advanced basic research in nuclear physics—the same sort of "pure" science that has led, among other things, to the development of the atomic bomb, new sources of power from atomic reactors, and the use of radioactive isotopes in medical treatment and diagnosis.

The Midwestern physicists were disturbed about the possibility that the United States was lagging behind, even then, in the race for basic knowledge of the atomic nucleus—what it's made up of and how it's held together.

The Midwestern scientists were more immediately disturbed by the fact that the most promising students and faculty research men were gravitating to the coasts, where the necessary equipment for research in high-energy physics already existed. Why, they asked, couldn't we pool our resources and build our own machine? One idea led to another, and soon the group was talking about a radically new atomic slingshot that had never before been imagined, much less planned. If the machine could be built, the United States would have the world's most powerful atom smasher, capable of producing knowledge completely beyond the capacity of any existing machine—or even any on the drawing boards.

MURA Is Born

The physicists explained their idea to their various presidents, obtained pledges of support ($10,000 from each of eight schools), and then went to Washington to get more funds. The National Science Foundation and the Office of Naval Research eagerly awarded small grants, but both declared that the Atomic Energy Commission was the only agency that combined an interest in nuclear physics with a really large budget. Iowa, Michigan, Purdue, and Illinois built working models that proved the soundness of the group's ideas. Then they tackled the Atomic Energy Commission.

A meeting was held in Chicago, with the physicists, business managers, and presidents of each university attending, and with AEC representatives present. Agreement was reached that the machine should be built, that it should be operated by the universities rather than by the government, and that it should be supported by the AEC. AEC spokesmen said that it was "inconceivable"

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that Russia be allowed to capture the lead in high-energy physics.

The Midwestern physicists formed a corporation known as Midwestern Universities Research Association (MURA), with a board drawn from the presidents, business managers, and physicists of each member institution. On February 18, 1956, the AEC gave MURA the green light (and a check for nearly half a million dollars) with this announcement:

"It is hoped that the Midwestern University scientists will develop a machine that will be the finest and most powerful in the world . . . and will aid in maintaining United States leadership in nuclear and high-energy physics."

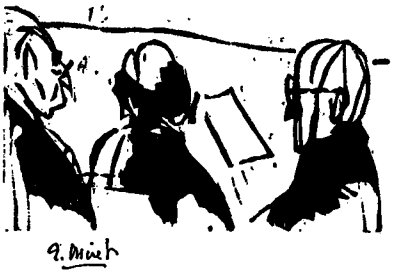
Coupled with this announcement, however, was another: that Argonne National Laboratory, the AEC installation in Lemont, Illinois, south of Chicago, was authorized to proceed with a smaller accelerator of conventional design. Argonne's scientists resented the lesser role—and said so.

Meanwhile, university research men flocked to MURA—some of them scientists who would not work even temporarily on a government or industrial job, but who liked the challenge MURA faced and appreciated the unique atmosphere of freedom MURA provided. Understandably, Argonne's people resented this, too.

Collision Near the Speed of Light

Soon MURA had fifteen member institutions (Chicago, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Iowa State, Kansas, Michigan, Michigan State, Minnesota, Northwestern, Notre Dame, Ohio State, Purdue, Washington University of St. Louis, and Wisconsin) and a staff of fifty-one, including twenty-one theoretical and experimental physicists, most of them professors on leave from the member institutions.

Plans were developed for a machine that could build up intense beams of atomic particles (protons), accelerate them nearly to the speed of light (186,000 miles a second), and then smash them together head-on. This was "synchroclash," a principle that had seemed impossible of achievement until MURA showed the way. Synchroclash means smashing moving particles together—and before you can do that, you must provide a lot of particles. Ordinary atom smashers don't; their beams are made up of occasional particles spit out in bursts. MURA's designers devised ways to create intense beams like the gush of water from a fire



hose; they invented new methods of souping up particles, new "spiral sector" magnets to hold the whirling nuclear bullets in line, new "bucket lift" techniques of adding more and more particles until a veritable blast of nuclei is built up.

The machine they designed was in the shape of a figure 8, consisting of two atomic race tracks side by side, each one spinning its atomic bullets faster and faster and then, at the crucial moment, crashing them into one another where the two circles of the 8 intersect. (Recently MURA's physicists have improved even on this scheme, coming up with a unique design for accelerating two separate beams in opposite directions within a single ring. Working-model studies, just completed, prove that this plan is also feasible and could provide a high-energy synchroclash accelerator easier to build and simpler to operate than the figure 8 design.)

The energy of the collision is reckoned in billions of volts, or bevs. Our largest existing machine is the bevatron at Berkeley, California, rated at 6.2 bev. It is already outclassed by the Russians' 10-bev machine, currently the world's biggest (although a 25-bev machine is being built at Brookhaven National Laboratory). But MURA's colossus would dwarf all these devices, and would be ten times more powerful than the 50-bev monster the Russians are now talking about building.

The principal explanation for the MURA machine's great power lies in the fact that while all other accelerators sling their atomic bullets at a stationary target, MURA's machine will slam two moving beams together. A stationary target recoils when struck, thereby soaking up energy that could otherwise go into smashing atoms. (Thus, the Berkeley bevatron is rated at 6.2 bev, but its nuclear reactions only provide 2 bev because of recoil loss. MURA's intersecting 15-bev machines, on the other hand, would provide collisions possible only in a single machine of 540-bev capacity.)

The Site Problem

After studying MURA's plans, the AEC granted another $1,250,000 for 1956-1957 and the research continued. Soon MURA's scientists were visualizing their brain child in great detail. They knew, for instance, that it would concentrate hundreds of thousands of tons of weight in an area not much larger than a couple of football fields. Did any of the member institutions have ground solid enough to support such a burden? Each member was asked to submit data on its own area.

At this juncture, the AEC faced the pressure of Argonne scientists, who were still unhappy over their minor role in accelerator development in comparison with that of MURA. (They were working on a 12.5-bev machine, small indeed alongside MURA's 540-bev giant.) The AEC asked MURA to consider Argonne as a site for the MURA machine.

An outside firm of geophysicists was called in to study the soil at each member institution and also the soil at Argonne. The firm's recommendation was that the machine be built at Madison, Wisconsin, where bedrock lies just six feet under the ground. Second choice was Minneapolis; third, Lafayette, Indiana. The membership met and voted. They chose Madison, primarily because of the geophysical recommendation. MURA established its headquarters there, moving into what had been an automobile agency's garage.

Though cramped for space and somewhat short of funds, MURA's scientists built two working models that demonstrated the complete feasibility of their scheme; they estimated that the full-scale accelerator would cost about $70 million.

Late in 1956, I flew up to Madison and met Dr. Donald W. Kerst, the inventor of the bevatron, on leave from the University of Illinois to

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serve as MURA's technical director. "This is the first instance I've seen of such co-operation among scientists and administrators and business officials," he told me. "What's more, now we have theoretical physicists—men who have avoided 'hardware' in the past—making immense contributions to the art of particle acceleration. Before MURA, accelerator design was crawling along in experimental stages."

Shrinking Pains

I returned from Madison imbued with some of MURA's fervor. On March 10, 1957, I wrote to an official there, asking for some further information, and received a reply that read, in part, like this:

"The latest information available to us would indicate that continuation will only be through integration with the Argonne Laboratory. This move is unacceptable to key scientific personnel and will probably mean the end of what I feel is a very realistic and scientifically necessary project. [The staff is unwilling] to be absorbed and entwined in the administrative red tape of a government laboratory . . ."

Not long afterwards, the AEC told MURA that it would not consider supporting site acquisition and development at Madison in the budget for fiscal year 1958. Would MURA submit a minimum budget, omitting those items? MURA did, presenting a request for less than half its original $3-million-plus proposal. The AEC trimmed this to $1,100,000—less support than it had provided the year before—despite the success of MURA's two working models.

On July 1, 1957, MURA's quarterly report to the AEC declared:

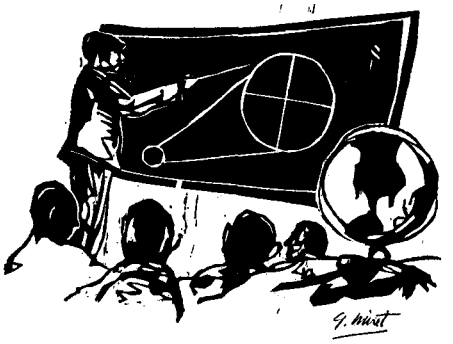
". . . the financial support and interest of the Commission in the MURA program as expressed in the budgetary limitations for FY 58 (a reduction of twenty-five per cent from FY 57 and fifty per cent in the amount requested in FY 58) and the lack of expressed interest for continuing support in future years has been the cause of great discouragement and concern . . . In fact, this restrictive action on the part of the Commission could be responsible for the collapse of the entire MURA effort and organization . . . "

When this statement failed to elicit any response from AEC, MURA Technical Director Kerst, despairing of substantial AEC backing, decided to resign. First he rushed the completion of the second working model, saw it operate successfully, and then, on August 31, quit his MURA job and his Illinois University professorship for an industrial position. Shortly afterwards, MURA Director P. Gerald Kruger also stepped down, after arguing with the AEC to no avail. (Dr. Kruger built the world's second cyclotron.) Midwestern universities started to lose physicists who were not directly connected with MURA but who had been hopeful that the Midwest would soon have a high-energy-physics facility.

Most of MURA's scientists hung on, hoping for a break. Professor Ragnar Rollefson, chairman of the University of Wisconsin physics department who had just returned from a year's work as chief scientist for the Army, took on MURA's top administrative job.

The AEC Stands Pat

With the launching of the Sputniks and the embarrassing initial failure of the overpublicized Vanguard, MURA thought it had come into its own. The climate of opinion had changed and the change would surely be reflected in government research policy. As far as the National Science Foundation was concerned, it was. On December 15, 1957, NSF awarded a grant of $160,000 to MURA. NSF's director, Dr. Alan T. Waterman, declared, "The spectacular contributions the MURA studies



are making to modern nuclear science fully justifies their support."

The AEC did not follow NSF's lead. The very next day, in fact, the Commission announced that Argonne National Laboratory was favored as the site for the MURA machine. An AEC spokesman defended the choice on the basis of "the nearness of existing facilities." (MURA's machine is so radically new that it cannot draw upon existing facilities.) He said that the MURA design was not "proved out." (Only a month before, the latest model worked perfectly on the first try—in the presence of AEC Commissioner Willard Libby.) The AEC spokesman did not comment on the superior soil characteristics at Madison—much better than those at Argonne. And he did not reply to a charge that the project had been all but stifled by lack of government funds.

Last January 2, I interviewed Dr. Libby. He told me that the AEC still preferred Argonne as the site of the MURA machine despite the preference of MURA scientists for Madison (and academic freedom) and despite the superior soil characteristics at Madison. His reason: "We don't want to build a whole new lab. Argonne has supporting facilities that don't exist at Madison. I looked at the site there and it's nothing but a cornfield. . . .

"We deplore the argument about real estate," he went on. "We think it's premature. The big thing is cost—we're going to have a hard enough time getting the money as it is. We must have some basis for cost estimates; it's a lot of hardware, a lot of money."

Dr. Libby described the progress of the MURA group as "pleasing" and went on to say that "no group in the world could do a better job of accelerator design. They still have their assignment," he concluded, "and we want to support them. Only we prefer Argonne as a site, and we need an updated proposal so that we have a basis for cost estimates. Then we can go ahead."

Dr. Libby stressed particularly the fact that the AEC had not yet received a specific budget request based upon MURA's latest design. This is quite true; but it scarcely explains the AEC's tight-fisted attitude toward MURA throughout the past two years, despite the eminent success of the figure 8 model and the high hopes for the newer single-ring design. Even after MURA's detailed proposal for a comprehensive seven-

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year building program had been submitted in the spring of 1956—and the design had been proved experimentally—the AEC provided only yearly dribbles of support. And heavy slashes in MURA's proposed budget for fiscal 1958, when part of that request was for funds to work up a complete and detailed estimate for the entire project, looked like less than enthusiastic support.

Some Expert Opinion

After my interview with Commissioner Libby, I talked with MURA President H. Richard Crane, professor of physics at the University of Michigan, and with Purdue Universiy President Fred L. Hovde, who is a MURA director, chairman of the Army Scientific Advisory Panel, and a member of the Defense Science Board, and was U.S. rocket chief during the Second World War.

Dr. Crane told me: "Argonne seems to have its hands full with the 12.5-bev machine it was told to build back in 1956, at the same time that we got the go-ahead on our accelerator. As a matter of fact, Argonne never made a proposal that our machine be built there; they don't have the personnel, for one thing. The only way it could be done would be for MURA people to build it on Argonne property.

"At the same time, it's well known that Argonne has been cramped for space for years. Their current budget request asks for funds to buy land and justifies the request on the basis of cramped conditions.

"What's more, Argonne is primarily a reactor development site, not an accelerator installation. This means that even if MURA built its machine at Argonne, new workshops would be needed, as well as more cafeteria space, guest houses, and so on. It wouldn't save very much money, in other words, to build at Argonne instead of at Madison.

"We're going ahead up at Madison with about a million dollars for next year. But the machine must be built as soon as possible."

And here is Dr. Hovde's statement: "Beating Russia to the punch by constructing this machine would give America a lead in the type of pure physics research that led to the discovery of the atomic bomb and atomic energy.

"Ever since the selection of Madison as the site, we've been plagued by needless delays, and we can't afford them.

"The truth is, it would cost about as much in engineering to shore up the machine at Argonne as it would cost to build the supporting facilities AEC is talking about at Madison. Cost isn't really a factor."

On January 14, MURA's board of directors met in Chicago. From the physicists they heard the good news that the figure 8 design had been improved upon and that a single-ring system was feasible. This meant a simpler, more easily built machine. From the administrative officers, on the other hand, they heard the discouraging news that the AEC still wanted the machine to be built at Argonne.

The board decided to prepare a new budget request (now roughly estimated at $60 million over a five-year period to complete the machine by 1963 as originally planned) and to submit it not only to AEC but also to the National Science Foundation and the Department of Defense. Any one of these three agencies could be authorized to have the MURA machine built by an act of Congress providing the necessary funds. The new budget is being prepared with the hope that Congress will act where the AEC did not, thereby enabling America to maintain its somewhat shaky grasp on first place in nuclear-physics research.

The Budget and the Future

But MURA may not find the going any easier when the Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy reviews its plight and the nation's high-energy-physics program this spring. To begin with, President Eisenhower's new budget includes no money to cover the construction costs of the MURA machine, despite the fact that the President transmitted to Congress the NSF report describing high-energy physics as a field basic to the development of atomic weapons, to industrial power from the atom, and to all other uses of atomic energy—and warning that America might lose its lead in this field.

Secondly, the Joint Committee itself may be falling prey to the budget-mindedness of the administration. According to one member of the committee, here are the prevailing sentiments of the committee majority:

¶ "The MURA machine will have to be built at Argonne, since the committee cannot see its way clear to endorsing two large nuclear laboratories in the Midwest." This attitude seems to be based almost entirely on budgetary conservatism, particularly in view of the fact that MURA would be an entirely different type of laboratory from Argonne. Furthermore, the National Science Foundation, the Federal policymaking agency for science, declares: "High-energy physics, like any other branch of science, will benefit from diversified support . . ."

¶ Many Joint Committee members believe that the MURA machine is not yet ready to be built. For this reason the committee will probably tend to second the AEC's stalling. Yet MURA's directors were told at their January, 1958, meeting: "We are now in a position to design with considerable confidence and in detail an accelerator of the two-way [figure 8] variety. The spiral tangent-ring [single-ring] type is not quite so far advanced . . . [and] . . . will require a greater expenditure of time and effort than we have yet been able to apply to it."

¶ Several members of the Joint Committee feel that if the government is to support a multimillion-dollar enterprise, it must also control it to a considerable degree. But the National Science Foundation report stresses that an enlightened Federal science policy must actually avoid certain kinds of control over government-supported projects, leaving it up to the scientists themselves to decide how their goals can best be reached.

The government should not, according to the NSF report, provide unlimited funds to any project: the responsible agencies must determine that a project is feasible and promising and that the budget is realistic; but thereafter, within the limits of a specific grant, the scientists should be left free to operate as they think best.

The scientists who have worked on the MURA project are convinced that they could put this sort of freedom to good use.

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Willy Brandt of Berlin: A Battle on Two Fronts

GEORGE BAILEY

WEST BERLIN

WILLY BRANDT was elected Lord Mayor of West Berlin last October by 86 out of a possible 118 votes in the Berlin House of Parliament. Although the figures are impressive, the victory was not won easily. Under fire from both Right and Left, Brandt was attacked by members of his own local Social Democratic Party's top leadership because he is a liberal middle-of-the-road Socialist who pooh-poohs dogma of any sort. He was also attacked by nationalist elements because he emigrated to Norway in 1933, was naturalized, and did not resume German citizenship until 1948. Moreover, he was accused of having taken part on the Republican side of the Spanish Civil War and of bearing arms against Germany as a Norwegian soldier during the Nazi invasion.

Brandt forestalled the first attack by systematically cultivating the lower echelons of his party. When the Old Guard of the Social Democratic Party (S.P.D.) attempted to take a position against him, it found its political underpinning cut away. To meet the nationalist attack, Brandt initiated legal action against his accusers in order to set the record straight. In the indictment Brandt stated and adduced evidence that he spent the first six months of 1937 in Spain as a war correspondent for Scandinavian newspapers. His activity in Norway during the invasion was confined to duty as a welfare official. When capture by the oncoming German Army was imminent, he was "outfitted with a Norwegian uniform for purposes of camouflage and taken prisoner as a Norwegian soldier," a maneuver that almost certainly saved Brandt's life.

AT FORTY-FOUR Brandt is the youngest Lord Mayor in the history of Berlin. His rise in Berlin politics has been meteoric—the more surprising since Brandt is, in every sense but the truest one, an outsider. Not a native Berliner, he was born in the Hanseatic city of Lübeck as Herbert Karl Frahm. (Brandt was a pen name that he assumed legally when he renewed his German citizenship.) He was strongly influenced by Scandinavian Socialism during his dozen or so years in Norway and Sweden, and he returned to Germany as a Social Democrat with the accent on "democrat."

The ill will that some of the top Socialist functionaries bear Brandt goes deep. He may be said to have inherited much of the intraparty hostility that plagued the late Ernst Reuter, whose adherent and protégé he became soon after their first meeting in 1948. Like Reuter, Brandt is

a lone wolf. Unlike Reuter, he has been careful to ingratiate himself with rank-and-file members of his party, who admire him to the point of hero worship. Many predict that he will some day become West Germany's first Socialist chancellor.

This prediction is not fanciful: the mayoralty of Berlin is widely regarded as second only to the chancellorship in political importance. In S.P.D. politics, however, the mayoralty is a liability as well as an asset. In West Germany the Socialist Party is in opposition, and its policies reflect that fact. But the Berlin S.P.D., although it governs in coalition with the local branch of the Christian Democratic Party, has a strong majority. The general political climate of Berlin differs widely from that of the Federal Republic. The right wing, the "New Guard" of the S.P.D., has established a stronghold in Berlin, while the left wing, the Marxist Old Guard, centers in West Germany. An intraparty struggle is raging, with the retention or abolition of Marxist dogma as the main issue. In the forefront of the New Guard, Brandt is in alliance with Carlo Schmid and Fritz Ehrler, both his close personal friends. His relations with Erich Ollenhauer, while cordial, are much cooler; Brandt has distinct reservations concerning Ollenhauer's suitability as a party leader.

Behind the Polemics

Brandt has often appealed publicly to both Berliners and West Germans not to take East and West Berlin political polemics too seriously, and there is cool reasoning behind his contention. As Brandt has repeatedly pointed out, the expanded trade agreement between East and West Germany increases the dependence of both East Germany and the Soviet Union on the shipments of goods and materials from West Germany. Interzonal trade, Brandt argues, actually provides a protective agreement in favor of West Berlin. It is unlikely that East Germany and particularly the Soviet Union would risk losing badly needed West German products—especially iron and steel from the Ruhr. If West Berlin were seriously blockaded, economic reprisals by West Germany would be "almost automatic." The knife cuts both ways.

Brandt himself doesn't engage in polemics. When he does attack the Soviets or the East Zone government, it is on an essential issue—and he places his shots neatly. In November of 1956 the mayor of East Berlin invited members of the West Berlin Parliament to inspect an "intelligence tunnel" running from West Berlin into the eastern sector. All except Brandt refused. He accepted on condition that he be permitted to choose his own escort. In his letter of acceptance he listed the names of those he wanted to accompany him: they were all public and political figures known to be held as prisoners by the Soviets or the East German government.

Brandt has sharply criticized the

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new East German "pass law" which prohibits—at the caprice of the East Zone authorities—the movement of Germans from the East Zone into Berlin without specific approval. This restriction infringes the original postwar four-power status of the city, which guarantees freedom of movement within and to and from the city.

The Living Bridge

Brandt regards Berlin as a living bridge between East and West Germany—"It must serve as a clamp between the people in both parts of Germany." Access to Berlin from both East and West Germany is essential to this purpose and, for that matter, even to the maintenance of the *status quo*. The working relations between Brandt's administration and the East Berlin authorities are mostly confined to the technical level and are carried out by civil servants appointed by their respective governments. The resultant degree of co-operation is no more than is absolutely necessary. It is the purpose of the one side to contrive and of the other to avoid any form of contact that would imply West German recognition of the East German government.

Brandt's insistence on access to Berlin from the east as well as from the west involves at least one complicating factor: for the East Germans, Berlin is the last escape hatch to the West. During January an average of more than 820 refugees entered West Germany daily, mainly via Berlin. Out of this open wound in the East German economy flows much of its lifeblood—specialists, technicians, and teachers (there were well over a hundred of the latter in January alone). Attempting to staunch this flow, the East German government last year introduced heavy fines and long prison sentences for "flight from the Republic" (in cases where flight is successful, the prescribed penalties are imposed on relatives left behind), as well as the "pass law."

BRANDT'S LATEST BOOK (he has written several) was published in 1957 with the title *From Bonn to Berlin*. In it Brandt sets forth his concept of an approach to reunification. Like Reuter, he would begin by establishing the Federal capital in Berlin on the ground that "To the extent that the Federal Republic makes its appearance in Berlin, free Germany asserts its claim to the whole of Germany . . ." He does not suggest that the whole of West German governmental machinery in Bonn and elsewhere be dismantled and shipped en bloc to Berlin. But he does urge the transfer of the most important components of the government—especially the parliament and the chief ministries.

As Reuter foresaw, however, such a plan runs counter to the main course of West German political development. In the first place, *de jure* the Allied Control Commission still exercises authority over the whole of Berlin. Berlin members of the Federal parliament still do not have the right to vote on important issues in Bonn, since by Allied statute Berlin may not exercise influence on West German political affairs. Brandt accepts this but points out that there is no legal reason why a Federal parliament situated in West Berlin could not govern West Germany.

The technical aspects of the problem are even more complicated—with the problem of access always paramount. A West German government seated in Berlin, say the opponents of the plan, would virtually become a government in exile if a blockade were imposed.

THE MOST PRACTICABLE part of Brandt's plan is a massive building program for Berlin, including additions to the Free University and the Technical University of West Berlin. Brandt emphasizes the importance of both institutions in helping to solve the all-German problem. Of the 9,513 students enrolled in the Free University as of last summer, 2,394 were from East Germany. This proportion could be increased if space were available.

Brandt also plans the construction or reconstruction of museums and theaters. A "cultural fund" of five million westmarks has been allocated to enable East German visitors to exchange eastmarks one for one (the official rate is slightly less than four eastmarks to one westmark) in paying admission to existing West Berlin theaters and museums. Brandt proposes another such fund for the purchase of good books. He also proposes the establishment of an "all-German" long-wave radio station.

Little has been done to fulfill Brandt's ambitious plans. But they are not to be taken lightly—if only because Brandt is their foremost advocate. His outstanding characteristic as a politician is his *Zielstrebigkeit*—the steady pursuit of an aim. Moreover, his individual policies are all integral parts of a philosophy of action that is perhaps best described as aggressive coexistence.

A Chat with the Mayor

Close up, Brandt gives the impression of massiveness and strength. In his public appearances he is almost punctiliously correct in speech and manner; in private, when aroused or exuberant he swings his arms in a scissoring motion like a boxer waiting for the bell.

"We don't have all the answers," Brandt told me, speaking of his own party, "but we can and must become more open to new ideas and changes. Nobody has the right to be satisfied. Germany is in the center of Europe. The differences between East and West meet in Germany and must be reconciled here."

Brandt's own attitude toward what is currently the hottest subject in both Bonn and Berlin—the possibilities of a new neutralized Germany—seems to hinge on two somewhat contradictory factors: his determination to maintain the closest relations with the West and an equal determination to explore all means of achieving German reunification (even, it would appear, at the cost of loosening or breaking Germany's NATO ties). "As long as one intends," he stated publicly not so long ago, "to include a United Germany in the Atlantic system, one renounces a priori every real chance of reunification." In short, Brandt obviously wants to have his cake and eat it.

I ASKED Brandt a theoretical question: Would he himself be prepared in principle to renounce the integration of a united Germany into the western European economic system (the Coal and Steel Community, Euratom, and the Common

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Market) if the Soviets insisted? He replied that he would not be prepared to renounce "the close political, economic, and cultural *co-operation* of a reunified Germany with western Europe."

In this evasion Brandt's voice blends inevitably with the official voice of the S.P.D., which from the very first has opposed Chancellor Konrad Adenauer's western-oriented and supranational policies. The party has stood strongly against German participation in the Council of Europe, the European Defense Community, and the Schuman Plan as a whole. It also opposed the Europeanization of the Saar and has steadily engaged in sniping at NATO.

The party leaders have their reasons for this. For one thing, they are not likely to forget that the collapse of the S.P.D. and the triumph of the Nazis in the early 1930's was due largely to the party's preoccupation with broad social and international issues while the Nazi and conservative parties established a monopoly of the nationalist vote. Under the late Kurt Schumacher's leadership immediately after the war, they determined never to make this mistake again. Today, as the most articulate champion of German reunification, the S.P.D. leadership is even less likely to forget the millions of voters in East Germany, who traditionally provided large majorities for the Socialists and who may one day have it in their power to win a sweeping electoral victory for the party.

Finally, it must be admitted that the foreign-policy aims of the S.P.D. —in spite of or perhaps even because of their opportunism and wishful thinking—reflect more accurately the drift of public opinion than do Adenauer's all-out commitments to the West. According to a recent poll conducted by the Düsseldorf Intermarket Public Opinion Institute, only thirty-two per cent of the West Germans would favor a firm alignment to the West as against thirty-four per cent who would prefer ties to both East and West within a European security system, and another twenty per cent who would like to see a completely neutralized Germany. As for specific NATO commitments, in another recent poll, taken by the EMNID Institute of Bielefeld, a total of seventy-four per cent opposed the establishment in West Germany of all missile bases and all atomic weapons.

Outpost for 'Ostpolitik'

The negative role played by the S.P.D. in relations with the West contrasts sharply with its activity in the East, which is too often overlooked. There are eight S.P.D. wards numbering 6,500 registered party members in East Berlin. This unique representation of a West German political party in the East is due to

the steadfast insistence of the S.P.D. on observance of an Allied Control Council directive of early 1946 that authorized the existence and continued activity of the S.P.D. in "all Berlin."

After the formation of the Communist S.E.D. (Socialist Unity Party), the S.P.D. remained the only other party, and its very existence in East Berlin is of enormous significance. Two local members, Margarete Heise and Kurt Neubauer, are members of the West German Bundestag. Moreover, the influence of this outpost radiates into the East Zone, where the S.P.D., like all other West German parties, is strictly prohibited, but where the S.P.D. *Ostbüro*—the party's Eastern Bureau—still functions on a clandestine basis. There have long been rumors that the S.P.D. is in contact with the S.E.D. It is. In addition to distributing propaganda literature in the East Zone—one of the S.P.D.'s most widely used pamphlets is an eloquent summary of Milovan Djilas's *The New Class*—the S.P.D. discreetly cultivates personal contacts with S.E.D. members. Its efforts in this direction are at least partially responsible for the current revisionist ferment in the S.E.D., which has led to new expulsions from the party and marked another stage in the gradual isolation of East German boss Walter Ulbricht.

Since 1945 the S.P.D. has, in fact, concentrated on *Ostpolitik* (eastern policy) while leaving western policy pretty much to Adenauer and his administration. It is almost as if the two major parties had tacitly agreed on a distribution of responsibility appropriate not only to their respective party traditions and interests but also to the abnormal division of Germany, from which so many of the inner contradictions and tensions of German political life arise.

As MAYOR of West Berlin and hence chief representative of his party in the east, Willy Brandt is peculiarly exposed to these conflicting pressures. In a sense he is trying to fight a battle on two fronts. By his posture of "aggressive coexistence" in Berlin, he is trying to open up West Germany to a better understanding of the political potentials of East Germany and the satellite world. At the same time, he is trying to open up the S.P.D. to the West by liberalizing and modernizing the party line. This is an exceedingly intricate operation. In terms of power politics—and Brandt must rely on overt western power to preserve the status of Berlin—it comes close to being totally unrealistic.

Together with his colleagues in the New Guard of the party, Brandt is in effect trying to reconcile the two widely separated halves of S.P.D. foreign policy: the positive eastern policy and the negative western policy. The question is whether the two halves are reconcilable at all—except perhaps in the highly problematical future when a reunified Germany might become a reality.

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A Flight Navigator's Log On the Australia Run

CAREY GOODWYN

THE ATLANTIC spanned once more. I should not make too much of this, but I do want to acknowledge the challenge; looking down on a North Atlantic winter makes it seem more than the quite ordinary statistic it has become on charts. We had left Idlewild during the evening rush hour. All the carriers tailor their departures to the passengers' desire to arrive at a convenient morning hour, and so the sky in late afternoon is a herd of aluminum snouts. Gander Control seethes with calls: TWA, SAS, Pan Am, El Al, Sabena, and the others, all invisible in the dark and weather, all aclamor for a ration of air space. Later on, time and the winds sweeping from the low-pressure area over Greenland separated us, and we arrived in more tranquil air over London, which wheeled below in a rare field of sunlight. We descended, sinking into a quick embrace of cloud, cold and abstract. The air abides our flailing passage.

All the way in from the airport England's presence drifts past the window of the crew bus: the soccer game with the boys in knee pants and sweaters pulled too far down on their hips, the players meshing and scattering in a pool of green grass like pieces of colored glass in a kaleidoscope; the workmen swinging along as if the very bounds of the world were the only thing in sight, missing, it seems, the finest sight: the girls hurrying past, their eyes, too, on some distant pleasure, and with the finest glow on their cheeks seen anywhere. And all the way into the hotel, even in the long oblongs cast across the streets, the sunlight is cold and bears down a cold weight. Voices stay in the air and the sudden whine of a taxi turning out of the park lingers like an echo, the scudding blue exhaust is a winter mist.

THIS IS THE TIME of year that bedevils my memory. Any number of casual impressions trigger a flood of recall, entire minor scenes loom

out of the past, unrelated clusters of experience that reflect a personal, haunting view of war. We are over Germany now, nearing Frankfurt. I touch the damp skin of the airplane and in that instantaneous journey of remembering, I am in another time, flying once again our air battles of the war.

In the war I never saw the German cities tilting around to the approach of an airliner, or heard the bleating of the radio range and the chatter of the control tower in attendance. Ours was a different perspective. The cities were mostly statistical marks on a target folder, unanimated and remote. At twenty-five thousand feet, what representation can a city have? A sky drawn and colorless; the perfunctory presence of flak, billowing black fists appearing magically, seemingly the conjure of your mind; the long wait for bomb release point, a faint hatching on the ground below, unreal and sliding away as you turn back for England. But now Frankfurt assembles piecemeal from the morning haze, peaceful and industrious.

During the war, I remember, we had stood under a slender tree in Frankfurt, a small group of Americans. It was our second day as prisoners, I think. The debris of an air raid still cluttered the streets and that gray light of winter screened everything. A skylark appeared and hovered directly over the prison compound singing without pause, the way they do, for most of the morning. Then it vanished and returned no more.

CLIMBING out of the Frankfurt control area, we seem a target again —lightning strikes our right wing. There is a violent second of explosive sound, then the violent second of silence while we wait to see if we are still here. The experience is merely diverting and we hope there is no symbolic significance. It does not seem a fitting augury for the start of a ten-thousand-mile flight. If some force means to tell us not to go, we acknowledge the interest and deplore the timing. Better for it to have struck at the home office in California some time ago, at the board chairman's umbrella or anything else handy, and not to have waited until this late hour when the time to change the course of anything is gone.

AS TIME passes other symbols appear; some strange, others not at all—at times even the sun, burning and silent in its accustomed passage across the sky, becomes again more a part of a vaster universe than a familiar companion. But what could be more commonplace than moonlight trailed on the sea—even when the sea is the Mediterranean and the rippling light is accented

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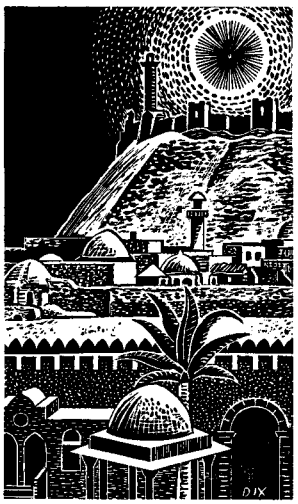
by clouds thrust out by a squall line; what more ordinary than the one-eyed blink of a marker beacon, its lazy code a single spot of life in a darker mass in the dark night? It is Cyprus, advising, when we call in, caution and strict adherence to the airways boundaries.

The hours drone by. I try to project myself into a timeless state not attached to the past or the future



but which shall be only the present with the minute's goals—the dials to watch: compass, air speed, twitching radio needle; the stars unmoving overhead. I succeed for the moment in abstracting everything; our destination becomes only a symbol in neatly proportioned letters among other symbols: Rome (ITKO) a refueling stop, and then Beirut (ODJD), and beyond the mountains after the radio compass needle spins to mark Damascus below a swirl of cloud, Bahrain (ZHBI), where a summer weight is always in the air and a mottled dog totters a few steps to sink again into the shadow of a palm tree that the sun has moved out from under him.

BOMBAY, at night, is seen mostly over the pilot's shoulder as we clear through the clouds, only the total black of the sea appearing; then, as we bend around on the procedure turn for the airport range, the lights swelling up in that brilliance of white and yellow that makes every city in the world a chilling sight filled with wonder and promise.

Next morning Calcutta is incredibly hot. We know it before we are on the ground. We know it before the airplane, slowing after touchdown, fills with a cloudy dampness, before the air sinks into the cabin as the door is opened, and we have to walk right out into it, adjusting for it by breathing in shallow breaths and walking as if our clothes were casts; before we see the laborers clustered around the open trench lift their arms and then let them fall with the weight of the pick. The calls of the kites wheeling overhead and the sound of a train passing in the distance across the field come to our ears with the same proportion of sound as the laborers' breathing, their sad dark eyes staying and staying on whatever they look at. We had known it was going to be hot—even before we had left the comfortable air at eight thousand feet—from seeing the motionless small craft herded on the Hooghly and not even pulling against their anchor chains, and we knew it when the red macaw in a flare of temper dived at us as we turned for Dum-Dum airport. We manage to avoid talking about the heat to the airport agents as we work on the ship's papers. "We expect rain any time," says the Air India man, tapping his pencil on the weather chart. We race to get into the air before the rain hits. We can see the front moving in, a tropical squall line full of moisture; it hits us as we roll down the runway.

AT EIGHT THOUSAND FEET, the ship is cool again. I go into the cabin to make sure the stewardess does not forget that the Captain likes his coffee hot, and we are talking together when I remember that the Andaman Islands are due soon. I go back to navigating. The Andamans are something requiring attention.

I had had a strange encounter with the Andamans once while coming up to Calcutta from Singapore and I thought I had better find out all I could about them. That time we had been under perfect flight conditions—no pressure systems at all to spawn a wind—and yet we had drifted off course and right over the Andamans although they were supposed to be seventy-five miles to the west. There is nothing on the charts to indicate any unusual magnetic condition in the area, but there we were drifting right for them as if it were part of a plan. I like to keep navigation on a mathematical basis with everything assigned a known value, but here was something defying equation. Later I had looked them up in the encyclopedia and found that they once were settled by cannibals and are lived on now by people descended from the native inhabitants and shipwrecked sailors—those who arrived in the islands after the natives had been converted from their former habits. So all I could do was to assign the weird effect on navigation to being the way of islands inhabited by ex-cannibals and to keep a careful lookout in the future. I could not tell the stewardess all this, of course. But it is why I keep a careful eye out for them. They should soon appear off the right wing. We do not see them. They are hidden somewhere in the violence of a thunderstorm.

THE DAY dwindles away with an equatorial blandness. The light seems to flood from all of the sky. We have crossed the equator. Some fundamentals of navigation are readjusted: the wind now flows around the pressure systems in a reverse direction; the Coriolis force acts to the left instead of the right; the latitude, as we fly south, will now increase. Australia begins to take shape

as a land in its own right among the navigation lines on the chart. We are nearing the Northern Territory. In one cove water is pressed up against the shore in long ruffles, like a silk scarf when you slide your finger against it. At Darwin we refuel; ten hours later we taxi up to

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the little building marked "Passenger Terminal, Wagga Wagga" in New South Wales.

A WOMAN from some volunteer aid organization drives us into town. I settle the definition of Australia as being the same as that of the West and Southwest United States: wide plains, and the sheep and cattle grazing without noticing the devil-dusters whipping over them in a swirl of red dust. And the little town too is right out of the American West—hitching posts and stores with wide porches that reach out to the curb, covering what is now a cement sidewalk but what, I am sure, was a plank walk only a short time ago. There is a light trace of the red dust on everything, hazing the store fronts and, at nightfall, spinning into the light from the drugstore like a faint and deadly rain. The drugstore is also a restaurant. We have steaks all around, of course, and for the gentlemen, a drink. The drugstore-restaurant owner pulls out a bottle of bourbon from a hiding place and fills a tumbler that is passed around among us and then hidden away again. "It's the laws in the town," he explains.

WE ARE NOT just yet, it seems, to go home. We fly empty back to Bombay, where we are chartered to carry Jewish families emigrating from India to Israel.

The problems immediately specific are navigational. We cannot fly the ordinary route across Arabia with our Jewish families aboard. Our flight plan schedules a refueling stop at Aden, then a flight up the Red Sea to the Gulf of Aqaba, Elath, and so to Tel Aviv.

In Aden we wait in the airport café for the airplane to be refueled. The heat of midday that the Coke is meant to dispel steams in the room; the clatter of the bar customers and whir of the ceiling fans draws us deeper into the noon heat. An Arab and a passenger of ours, one of the Jewish emigrants from Bombay, secure our attention.

The Bombay Jew says: "We have a right to our beliefs."

The Arab says: "You are unbelievers."

"We don't believe what you believe, but we have a right to believe what we want to. We have a right to a life."

"Not on our land."

"We have always been driven. Yes, even in India."

"If this were Syria, we would cut your throats," the Arab says.

I WATCH the movement around the transport parked in the sun, the figures crouched around the gasoline truck, a stray from some American town, the familiar red a flare of color in the level brilliance that seems to banish all color from the earth and the sky. I find myself watching for sabotage.

Close to a hatred we can do nothing to calm, we are merely spectators—Jews, Christians, Arabs, and an airline navigator. I stand outside the airport terminal in Aden, the white noonday reflecting in my eyes like a mirror. Tonight we turn for where Elath radio pulses from the head of the Gulf of Aqaba.

Paul Robeson Makes a New Album

NAT HENTOFF

PAUL ROBESON had not been engaged to sing for an established record label in over ten years until he was signed recently for a series of sessions for Vanguard, a predominantly classical firm noted for its exacting engineering standards and its equally discriminating musical criteria. The sessions took place in the large, high-ceilinged ballroom of a deteriorating hotel on upper Broadway in New York City.

One evening, when Robeson was to be accompanied by a choral

group of ten, the ballroom was littered with the remnants of a ladies' bazaar that had reluctantly vacated the place shortly before the recording session was to begin. Robeson, unsmiling and preoccupied with the night's work, arrived on time, as did the other singers, and a recording balance was soon settled on by Seymour Solomon, Vanguard's chief engineer and president of its recording activities.

Solomon, a confirmed empiricist in recording techniques, will not use the usual studios for his projects. He buys and adjusts his own equipment and hauls it over much of the city, searching for acoustically rewarding recording sites. He looked contentedly around the grimy improvised control room he had set up one floor above Robeson and the singers, and said, "You'd never get this sound in a regular studio. Never!"

A visitor asked what Robeson's repertory would be for this first of a projected series of albums. Maynard Solomon, president of the company's sales organization and the younger of the two brothers who own Vanguard, grinned. "It's a real schmaltzy album. Songs like 'Loch Lomond,' 'The House I Live In,' 'Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes,' 'Sometimes I Feel Like a Motherless Child.' No political songs."

"I defy anybody," Seymour Solomon broke in, "to find political connotations in 'Danny Boy.' Anyway, the basic thing is that politics is politics and music is music. We're recording Robeson the singer, one of the world's great artists."

Downstairs in the ballroom, the

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singers were about to record "Water Boy" in an arrangement beginning with Robeson unaccompanied. He stood in a familiar Robeson pose, his big right hand cupped over his ear so that he could hear himself more clearly. The shabby ballroom was suddenly filled by what a San Francisco *Chronicle* review of one of Robeson's recent highly successful West Coast concerts called "the greatest natural basso voice of the present generation." "The true timbre of this bass voice," the San Francisco *Examiner* had added, "can be felt as if it were a physical force."

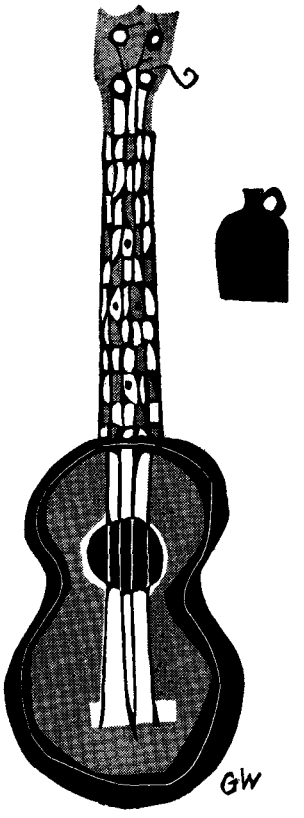
THERE ARE those who feel that Paul Robeson at sixty is singing better than at any previous time in his career. The commanding depth and vigor of his voice seem not to have become frayed, and he interprets with more control and flexibility than he manifested during his years of greatest popularity, when there was often a wooden stolidity in his otherwise powerful performances.

"He's more comfortable in his singing now," explains his wife, Eslanda, a short, briskly self-assured woman who was present at the sessions along with their son Paul, Jr. "The reason he still has his natural voice," she continued, "is that he sings the way he talks. He has rejected the formal vocal instructions —placement and that sort of thing— because he's always believed singing originated from the spoken language. Philology, you know, has been his main interest for many years. He came to music, in fact, through languages. He will not sing in a language until he can speak in it, since the music is obviously shaped by the language. He not only speaks Chinese but he's learned to write it. All over the place. On the telephone books, on the walls, I find Chinese characters."

The Universal Pentatonic Scale

After midnight, when the night's recording was over, Robeson relaxed for a few moments but soon began to explain with gathering intensity what he feels he has discovered about the music he sings. During what he terms in his new book, *Here I Stand,* "the recent years of my enforced professional immobilization," Robeson has done extensive research in comparative folk musics. He began to find technical as well as emotional linkages between songs in many languages that he had been singing for years. His conviction is that "there is a world body of folk music based upon a universal pentatonic (five-tone) scale."

"Ninety per cent of all spirituals," said Robeson, sitting in a corner of the ballroom and emphasizing his points with short, quick gestures, "are pentatonic. This becomes very



dramatic," he said with a smile, "when you realize that you play the pentatonic scale on the piano by using all the black keys.

"There is also," Robeson continued, "a pentatonic harmony in folk music that several composers of this and the last century have found inspiration in. I mean Bartók, Kodály, Debussy, Moussorgsky. I also feel— although this is a debatable point— that many of the chorales of Bach are based on pentatonic modal folk material of the early Middle Ages.

"As a corollary to all this," Robeson went on, "there is the tradition of speech extending into song. You can find this in the Negro preacher's chant, in flamenco, and in Moussorgsky's *Boris Godunov.* Moussorgsky's music is based on the music of the old Russian church, which in turn utilized ancient folk songs. Mahalia Jackson is another beautiful example of speech into song."

Robeson's fascination with these interrelations between folk musics now determines his concert programs. He will no longer give the more formal recitals of primarily "art songs," preferring an informal context that will enable him to demonstrate his pentatonic bridges with examples in several languages. "The first group of songs," he explains, "may start with an old Hussite pre-Bach chant of the fifteenth century and go on to a Jewish chant, Kaddish; an African chant; and an old Greek chant. The Churches of Abyssinia and the Sudan were part of the Church of Byzantium, you know. Then I may do Bach and a Negro spiritual. The second section may begin with the Largo from Dvorák's *New World Symphony* and continue with Bartók, Debussy, and Moussorgsky to show how composers have used the old melodies, the old modes, especially the pentatonic ones. And the third part consists of folk songs from all over the world to show their oneness."

ROBESON was gratified recently at the encouraging audience and critical reaction to his program when he appeared at several West Coast concerts. The concerts, organized by Negro community leaders, were his first in more than six years except for a few in Canada a couple of years ago. In the interim, he has occasionally sung at Negro churches and informal recitals.

Since the West Coast concerts, Robeson has received concert offers from two promoters as well as a number of university engagements. A series of concerts and meetings has been arranged in India to celebrate his sixtieth birthday. Robeson can travel anywhere in this hemisphere where passports aren't needed, and he has filed suit again to force the State Department to issue him a passport so that he can accept several offers he's had to give concerts abroad. His Vanguard records, however, are likely to precede him.

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Graffiti In the Dordogne

MORRIS PHILIPSON

THE DORDOGNE RIVER, which flows into the Gironde just above Bordeaux, cuts a modest valley through rolling, orchard-girdled hills. Just outside the village of Castillon, on a broad green summit about two miles from the river, is Montaigne's château. The huge main building, with broad walls and high turrets, is a reconstruction of the original mansion, which was destroyed by fire a century ago. It is presently occupied by the family of the Dutch consul at Bordeaux; and a bright-red tricycle was parked at the front steps.

The fortress-thick yellowish walls that enclose the three other sides of the square courtyard, with the round tower at the southeast corner that was Montaigne's study, remain as they were in the nobleman's time. That is, on the outside. Inside, the round tower is rather dilapidated.

On the ground floor, in the first circular room of the tower, is a private chapel with warm blue walls. In a recess behind the altar, a fresco represents Saint George slaying the dragon—he is a delicate youth, plated like a tin armadillo. The half dozen chairs and kneeling stools are covered in petit point with the coats of arms of Montaigne's family. The stone stairs winding up through the tower have, after four centuries, taken on the shapes of hammocks.

On the second floor was Montaigne's bedroom. In the last year of his life, when he was too ill to walk downstairs to hear Mass, a tunnel was cut through the wall to the chapel beneath. This skeptic in religion, as in all matters of the spirit, sat in a corner of the room above the opening to eavesdrop on the service. The faded damask cover on the carved four-poster bed where he died touches the room with shabbiness. Here died the man who wrote, ". . . study and contemplation doth in some sort withdraw our soul from us, and severally employ it from the body, which is a kind of apprentisage and resemblance of death; or else it is, that all the wisdom and discourse of the world doth in the end resolve upon this point, to teach us, not to fear to die."

MONTAIGNE'S library was on the third floor. There, and in the tiny winter room beside it where Montaigne sat close to the small fireplace, he wrote his *Essays,* his attempts not to discover knowledge but to understand how we may best live with the wealth of knowledge we already have, various and conflicting as it is. In contemplating the relations between knowledge and life, Montaigne had gathered a thousand rare volumes of classical culture and housed them in a magnificent round room at the top of his tower. But today the white plaster walls of the splendid room are bare, the great collection having been given away by Montaigne's daughter to a local curé. The hundred volumes filled with Montaigne's marginal annotations that have been recovered are in the library of Bordeaux. Here in the round study remains only the simple writing table and one chair—a skeleton of a chair, without upholstery; only the straight stiff frame remains.

There are rafters about every three feet and crossbeams about every five, and on each of the sections of dry tan wood, in fading black capital letters, is a motto, a maxim, a proposition, a "quotation." Looking up from his desk, Montaigne could read, for instance:

HOMO SUM: HOMANI A ME NIHIL ALIENUM PUTO (I am a man, I count nothing human indifferent to me).

The whole ceiling is spider-webbed with the wisdom of the Greeks, the Romans; the ideas of Ecclesiastes, Isaiah, and the Psalms; the thoughts of Pliny, Lucretius, Homer, Epictetus, and Horace.

What for? To what purpose? Did Montaigne have them inscribed early in life, in his early thirties when, satiated with life at the royal court, he decided to return to his home and cultivate his soul's garden? Were they the symbols that fascinate youth? Or do they represent the understanding that is the satisfaction of maturity? Were they put up there to name the goals his understanding aimed at? Or to rack up the winnings he had already made?

A bumblebee buzzed through the round white room and out one of the tower windows, down to the purple lilac bushes, the roses, the irises, clover and daisies and buttercups in view below.

UNKNOWN to Michel de Montaigne, Cro-Magnon man had lived in the darkness of stone caves almost within sight of his tower library. The meandering Vézère, which flows into the Dordogne, has carved tall cliffs on both sides through limestone. Between fifteen thousand and thirty thousand years ago, prehistoric man lived in caves halfway up these cliffs.

Outside of the town of Les Eyzies is a museum of what he left behind —the pottery and fertility figures, a red-tinted skeleton and mummified child, fishhooks and spearheads, the form of a woman shaped out of a bison's tooth, a deer outlined on a stone smoothed flat by the river. And along the valley, on the walls of the prehistoric caves themselves, the cave drawings.

After hiking and gradually climbing upward along the cliff wall, you come to the entrance. You walk on the guide's flashlighted path through a narrow corridor into a hall fifteen or twenty feet high but not wider than six feet, and then onward into one little rounded stone chamber after another. The guide's circle of light plays across the cavern's walls, and the figures of wild beasts rush out at you across thirty thousand years—bison outlined in red or black or brown. Only bison and always bison. Great buffalo-like, bull-like beasts. At rest or in motion. But why only bison? Out of fear? Or worship? In the hope of obtaining magical power over the great foe? Or to celebrate triumph over the food-supplying, goods-supplying enemy? To name the goals or to rack up the winnings?

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America: Not a Land, Not a People, But an Idea

ALFRED KAZIN

REFLECTIONS ON AMERICA, by Jacques Maritain. *Scribners. $3.50.*

One of the saddest things about the period in which we live is the growing estrangement between America and Europe. This may be a surprising discovery to those who are overimpressed by the speed with which turbojets can hop from New York to Paris. But to anyone who is aware of what America once meant to English libertarian poets and philosophers, to the Lancashire mill workers loyally supporting the Union cause in the Civil War despite the cotton blockade, to the young Ibsen bitterly excoriating European royalty for the murder of Lincoln, to Italian novelists and poets translating the nineteenth-century American classics as a demonstration against Fascism, there is something particularly disquieting in the way that the European Left, historically "pro-American" because it identified America with expansive democracy, now punishes America with Europe's own lack of hope in the future.

ALTHOUGH America has obviously not fulfilled the visionary hopes entertained for it in the romantic heyday, Americans have until recently thought of themselves as an idea, a "proposition" (in Lincoln's word) set up for the enlightenment and improvement of mankind. Officially, we live by our original principles; we insist on this boastfully and even inhumanly. And it is precisely this that irks Europeans who under so many pressures have had to shift and to change, to compromise and to retreat.

Historically, the obstinacy of America's faith in "principles" has been staggering—the sacrament of the Constitution, the legacy of the Founding Fathers, the moral rightness of all our policies, the invincibility of our faith in the equality and perfectibility of man. From the European point of view, there is something impossibly romantic, visionary, and finally outrageous about an attachment to political formulas that arose even before a European revolutionary democracy was born with the French Revolution, and that have survived all the socialist utopias and internationals. Americans honestly insist on the equality of men even when they deny this equality in practice, and hold fast to

romantic doctrines of perfectibility even when this contradicts their actual or their formal faith—whether it be as scientists or as orthodox Christians.

Even John Foster Dulles's rigidity in diplomacy would perhaps be less disliked in Europe if it were not always accompanied by self-satisfied moral expressions suggesting that nothing has changed since that other eighteenth-century Protestant, Immanuel Kant, drew up the categorical imperative. It is a fact that while Americans as a people are notoriously empirical, pragmatic, unintellectual, we live our lives against a background of unalterable national shibboleths. The same abundance of theory that allowed Walt Whitman to fill out his poetry with the philosophical road signs of American optimism allows Eisenhower to make pious references to God as an American tradition—references which, despite their somewhat mechanical quality, are not only sincere but which to most Americans express the reality of America.

It is because America is not only "promises" (as Archibald MacLeish once said) but *principles* that so distinguished a Thomist philosopher as Jacques Maritain can now write a love letter to America at a time when the radical intellectuals of Europe vie with each other in insulting us. "I felt a growing inner urge to bear witness to this country and to its people—it is a matter of justice and of gratitude for me. And in this respect I am only playing my small part in a French tradition which began with Chateaubriand and Tocqueville . . . few things, to my mind, are as sickening as the stock remarks with which so many persons in Europe, who are themselves far from despising the earthly goods of this world, reproach this country with its so-called materialism." M. Maritain is devoted to principle not only as a Catholic but also as a creative and distinctly individual thinker whose thirst for certainty in the modern world led him many years ago from Bergsonism to the Church. With his superlative intelligence, his quite special gifts of intellectual sympathy for those who are outside the faith, he recognizes that this country was organized on philosophical concepts and directives and that it exists on the basis of religious theory.

The Hidden America

A superficial liberal might find in a Thomist's love for America proof that America has abandoned its revolutionary professions. But the theoretical basis of America has been not revolutionary—except in the purely creative sense of the term—but doctrinal, with its Puritan and eighteenth-century conceptions of man, its Declaration of Independence, its Constitution for all contingencies and all time, its classical novels and poems on the subject of Man (not men), Nature (not actual society). It is because America is still so much more real as an ideal than as a civilization that M. Maritain, who himself functions on the level of philosophical ideas and historical abstractions, understands it so well—and likes it.

In a country settled by religious communities and founded on eighteenth-century conceptions, it is the

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need for actual principles that explains why religion itself is sacrosanct in this country and why so many intellectual concerns are turned into "religions." M. Maritain, among many acute and sympathetic insights, recognizes that while America represents an idea, no one can ever say just what the idea is; we all wait still, as Emerson and Lincoln did, for a single idea to be incarnated in the people.

M. Maritain complains that Americans allow themselves to be misrepresented abroad because they don't convey their real social idealism in the form of ideas; he laments that Americans are too modest, distrust intellectual formulation of their significant beliefs, and so are unable to convince Europeans, on the intellectual basis that Europeans are used to, that Americans are really as unmaterialistic as M. Maritain—and you and I—know Americans to be.

But in asking for more specific ideas, for a more concrete national faith, M. Maritain generously overlooks the fact that the very abstractness of our intellectual tradition conspires against "ideas"—philosophy—in the European tradition. Writers and sages who have tried to give a dominant character to American intellectual life have always failed. The ideality of America as a promise is more important to Americans than any particular idea. Europeans—and American radicals—have often complained of the New Deal that it was more revolutionary in fact than in formulation; it did not give Europeans an idea of just how much this country had accomplished in getting us away from the inhumanities of pure capitalism. M. Maritain emphasizes this lack of "conceptualization"; he is worried because although European intellectuals have come to realize that America is no longer an economic jungle, the European masses have not. "Even in this country, as a result of a lack of explicit conceptualization and ideological formulation keeping pace with events, the average and official vocabulary conveys the idea that America has accepted the challenge of communism in the very terms of communist propaganda itself: Communism versus Capitalism, America being the stronghold of Capitalism." But even those who have so often noticed that the New Deal produced no ideas, had no conception of itself that Europeans could identify with, can discover one reason why the New Deal didn't have a "philosophy": from the point of view of the national leaders themselves, it didn't need any. Roosevelt, on once being asked for his social credo, replied with some irritation that he was a Christian and a Democrat.

And certainly Roosevelt's own philosophy was not the New Deal. It was a faith that one might call "America": a compound of highly acceptable theories of man, God, nature, society, and progress. But Eisenhower's political philosophy is also "America"; so was Emerson's, Lincoln's, John Dewey's. One could assemble the most profound sayings of the American sages and discover that they were able to equate many contradictory principles with America. America, though it rests on an "idea," does not lead to ideas; it assimilates them. As it assimilated Emerson's radical Protestantism and Lincoln's mystical nationalism, so it may assimilate M. Maritain's Thomism.

Personal Secession

The trouble with America "as an idea" is that America's own national existence has become the idea—which means not merely that it can lead to no ideas at all, but to a habit of venerating as an idea what is merely part of our experience. F. Scott Fitzgerald once said rapturously that while "France was a land, England was a people, but America, having about it the quality of the idea, was harder to utter"—and then collapsed into bathos by equating this "idea" with the "tired faces" of its great men and the dead at Shiloh. This country is so full of people who identify America with everything American that we are forever trying to "sell" ourselves abroad with ideas (and products) that range from our best to our worst. We may lack "ideology" in M. Maritain's sense of the word—ideas. But because we equate the real America with the abstraction, we now have to defend one on the basis of the other. America rests not on an actual historic experience such as older countries do, but on an idea that other peoples *must* love—or else we doubt it ourselves.

Our real crisis will therefore come when "America" is no longer believed in by Americans, when the burden of so much theory will seem too much for us, and groups and individuals will secede mentally, as the South did politically, from the American social compact. The extraordinary national success of James Gould Cozzens's *By Love Possessed*—a book which I believe expresses in style and substance the growing disillusionment of so many Americans of Cozzens's own class—seems to me of key significance. The most interesting thing about the mood of *By Love Possessed* is that the Anglo-Saxon, Protestant, conscientious, and cultivated Americans whom Cozzens represents, and who are the only people he ever describes with any sympathy, seem increasingly jaded with principles. Cozzens's novel is written in such exasperation that the slogans and classical shibboleths of our moral and political "tradition" are parodied almost hysterically; Cupid becomes an insipid bust looking down on adulterous grapplings, a bare mattress, a deserted house.

Despite the current European pretension that John Foster Dulles is all that prevents an understanding with Russia, the coming generation of American leaders is likely to be not intransigent and "principled" (however wrong the principles) but realistic, ready to parley, ready to divide the world and to share it. The noticeable discouragement and confusion of Americans just now is due to the fact that they no longer trust to their principles as they once did. Even when they do so out of habit, as a holding operation, they feel principles to be temporary; they sense that things are in the saddle, and ride mankind.

M. Maritain is a philosophical analyst of remarkable penetration as well as charm. But though he recognizes that we are at a turning point in our history, and gracefully offers fundamental Christian ideas to think over at this moment, the real limitation of his excellent little book may be not that *his* principles are out of date but, in the perceptibly hardening America in which we live, principles themselves.

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Glubb Pasha's Rear-Guard Action

RAY ALAN

A SOLDIER WITH THE ARABS, by Lieutenant-General Sir John Bagot Glubb. *Harper. $6.*

General Glubb's book is rather more than just another apologia. There is no serious political analysis or social observation in its pages, but the perspicacious reader will acquire through it an interesting insight into the emotional and moral background of the Eden-Bevin dealings with the Arab rulers in the middle and late 1940's.

British thinkers have contributed at least as much as any others to man's awareness of evolutionary processes. But the officials in charge of Britain's Middle Eastern interests in the crucial prewar and postwar decades invariably behaved as if social forms were static and immutable—divinely appointed for all eternity. When familiar landmarks blurred and shifted, explanations were to be sought in terms of personal kinks or malicious Zionist, French, or American tampering with the Arabs' pristine simplicity.

Glubb in particular had scoffed—good-naturedly—at the French for laying up trouble for themselves by installing the trappings of parliamentary republicanism in Syria and Lebanon. He tended to regard democracy as a slippery slope down which the Arabs would slither from their secure indigenous autocracy to "anarchy and mob rule." He believed that subversive viruses could be excluded from Jordan by royal decree; and his bewilderment when Jordan joined the evolutionary rat race was pathetic.

Peeling the Onion

Out of touch as well as out of sympathy with the trend of Levantine-Arab politics, Glubb has little to add to his readers' understanding of recent developments in Jordan. Surprisingly, he has even less that is new to say about the event in which he had star billing—the 1948 Palestine war. The British Labour government decided that Glubb's Arab Legion should move into Palestine (while assuring the House of Commons and the U.N. that he was a "Transjordan citizen" over whom it had no control) and paid ninety per cent of the cost of his campaign there, but omitted to give him any clear idea of its aims.

Getting to grips with these aims was admittedly like peeling an onion. The outer layer was the Labour cabinet's pretense of being an innocent bystander in Palestine, a disinterested neutral; the next was the Foreign Office's desire to earn a grateful smile from the Arab League. Beneath this was the War Office's aim, calculated to infuriate the Arab League: to secure the attachment to British-controlled Transjordan of the then strategically useful Negev and as much of Palestine as possible.

But Glubb reduces the whole fascinating turmoil to the level of a village football game. He dismisses critics of Whitehall's deviousness as Jewish stooges. He is blithely insensitive to the moral damage Britain suffered—not least among the Arabs, who know duplicity when they see it, remember to mistrust anyone who practices it (even if, temporarily, he is their ally), and are quick to exploit the moral advantage he cedes them.

Glubb's greatest handicap as a chronicler of the Levantine scene is his awareness that a majority of Palestinian Arabs consider him the principal architect of their 1948 debacle—a Jewish as well as an imperialist agent. And so, on page after page, as if hopeful that the Foreign Office will subsidize an Arabic edition of his book, he shadow-boxes with the nearest Israelis in sight, explains what tremendous armed forces they had, and pleads that if King Abdullah had not taken over Arab Palestine, the Jews would have done so.

His eagerness to justify himself and ingratiate himself with his Arab critics betrays him first into propaganda, then into occasional carelessness with facts. When Foreign Secretary Ernest Bevin secretly agreed, in the spring of 1948, that Transjordan should take over the areas of Palestine intended by the U.N. to form an independent Palestinian-Arab state, "neither the British nor the Transjordanians," Glubb writes, "had any idea" that the Arab League intended to intervene in Palestine. This is nonsense. Like every other member of the Arab League, Transjordan had approved the League's intervention plans at a special meeting for the purpose in Lebanon the previous fall; and Britain had been represented there by its "liaison-officer" with the League, Brigadier Clayton.

There are other depressing examples of this sort of thing, and Glubb's exaggerations of Jewish military strength in 1948 are reminiscent of the communiqués he and his Egyptian rivals issued at the time.

Rightly, he castigates the Israelis responsible for an appalling "death

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march" inflicted on a group of Palestinian Arabs expelled into Jordan; but an impartial historian would have recorded also a similar act of inhumanity inflicted by the Jordanian authorities (Palestinians say the Arab Legion) on a group of about fifty Nablus youths allegedly opposed to the Amman régime.

The key to the Palestine tragedy was not Jewish or Hashemite ruthlessness or the excesses of any one party to the dispute but the simultaneous convergence of Zionist, Hashemite, Egyptian, Arab League, and British ambitions on this tiny territory. Everyone actively involved was either pro-Hashemite, pro-Zionist, or pro-Egyptian, or believed himself to be advancing the interests of the Arab League on the one side or of Whitehall on the other. No one of any significance—least of all the Palestinian Arabs' leaders—was positively pro-Palestinian. Glubb, busily hoeing his own furrow and smarting under the knowledge that the Arabs have never cheered a Hashemite monarch louder than they cheered Hussein for expelling him, misses the point completely.

MORE AND MORE forcibly, as one turns these pages, one is reminded of T. E. Lawrence's summing up of his own Middle Eastern adventure: "Pray God that men reading the story will not, for love of the glamor of strangeness, go out to prostitute themselves and their talents in serving another race. A man who gives himself to be a possession of aliens leads a Yahoo life, having bartered his soul . . . He is not of them. He may stand against them, persuade himself of a mission, batter and twist them into something which they, of their own accord, would not have been. Then he is exploiting his old environment to press them out of theirs. Or, after my model, he may imitate them so well that they spuriously imitate him back again. Then he is giving away his own environment: pretending to theirs; and pretenses are hollow, worthless things. In neither case does he do a thing of himself, nor a thing so clean as to be his own (without thought of conversation), letting them take what action or reaction they please from the silent example."

Anger Alone Is Not Enough

GOUVERNEUR PAULDING

A PLACE WITHOUT TWILIGHT, by Peter S Feibleman. *World. $4.75.*

There was a time in American writing when a book like *A Place Without Twilight,* which concerns a Negro girl growing up in New Orleans, would have been written, almost necessarily, in anger. The time for protesting the heavy burdens that are placed on some Americans and not on others has not yet passed and may be long in passing. There has not yet come any spring in any year when Negro children growing up in the United States anywhere, North or South, could reasonably be asked to thank God for the social position into which they are born.

Outraged American writers, white and Negro, from Harriet Beecher Stowe to Richard Wright, established the facts of injustice. What they did indubitably served the cause of justice, for there is a time for anger. But anger—the protest, the manifesto, the public demonstration—limits understanding nonetheless. What is gained in anger—precious and desirable as may be the enforcement of just laws—leaves justice itself inoperative if in the course of the struggle the individual, white or Negro, becomes an anonymous component of his race. The new writers must establish characters that will endure beyond this twilight between promise and achievement.

HERE IS A FAMILY: the mother, the father, Lucille, and her brothers Clarence and Dan. The family is poor; it lives in New Orleans; it is Negro. Lucille tells its story. When someone in a novel tells the family story there is usually a moral we are supposed to draw from the story and, usually, it is possible to do so. But the more real the story is, the more unnecessary it becomes to draw any moral. Lucille, the narrator in *A Place Without Twilight,* never preaches or theorizes. She works as a maid, and like all servant maids she finds out that there are good families and bad families to work for, and that white people, even when they have money enough, have their troubles too.

Greatly to her credit, this discovery does not make her maudlin. White people remain the enemy, and different. Lucille is the more sensitive to this difference because she herself is almost white—illustrating one theoretical statement she would understand and agree to: lust is more rational than prejudice. Lust, moreover, is the first inspirer of love, which must be pointed out in order to calm those readers who, like the lady who employed Lucille, might not quite understand Lucille's first step toward the happiness she wanted but never got. Incidentally, those scenes between Leroy the butler and Lucille the maid in which love struggled toward attainment, when they were together in the secluded garden of their lunatic employer's imitation Southern mansion, make one of the finest and tenderest love passages in current literature.

LUCILLE'S father read "Mr. Keats" to her—and there is nothing coy in that perilous situation—before he drank himself into a "de luxe" funeral with brass band and preacher. Lucille's mother, living in the fear of the Lord and of the whites, played her phonograph record about "God's garden" while her fears drove the two boys toward their separate ruins. Lucille alone proved strong enough to hold her youth undefiled by concession or despair. Sustained by pride and reason, held refreshed in the parched days of fear by immense reserves of unspoken and unself-conscious love, Lucille rejected the solution of escape to the North.

The words Lucille speaks with so natural an intonation were written for her by a very young man who is white and was born in Brooklyn.

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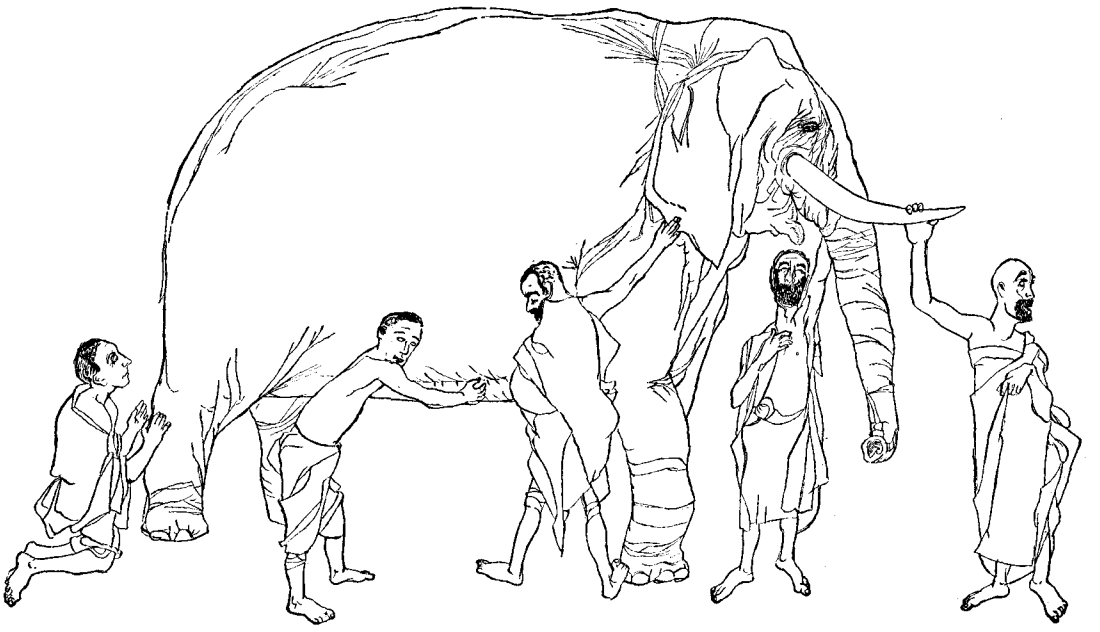

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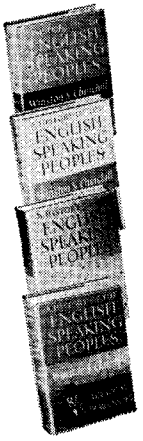

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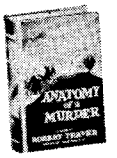

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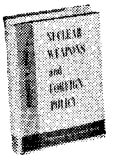

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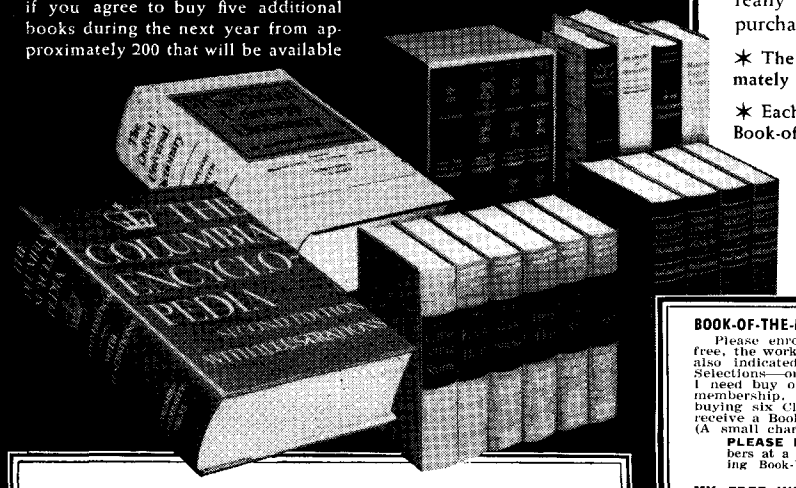

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